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NEW STATESMAN

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Wrestling over a vanishing inheritance

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Steven Rose: Cyril Burt's fraud
Paul Theroux, Frank Lloyd Wright
The Attorney-General v. the New Statesman

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol 98 28 September 1979 No 2532

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A simple matter of free speech

IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS, the rights of members of the public who give up their time and comfort to serve on a jury have taken a considerable pounding through the efforts of police and prosecutors to investigate and vet their private lives and opinions. The present Attorney General, Sir Michael Havers, has already stated clearly that this deplorable practice will continue through his administration. Now, this week he intends to further circumscribe the rights of the juror; specifically, their ability to discuss the exercise of their public duty with whomsoever they please, when that duty is over.

One member of the jury which acquitted Mr Jeremy Thorpe and his co-defendants chose to exercise that right by talking to two journalists, Peter Chippindale and David Leigh, who reported their findings in the NEW STATESMAN two months ago ('Thorpe's trial: how the jury saw it', NS 27 July 1979). The Attorney General has now conceived that this was a contempt of court. He therefore intends to seek an Order against the Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd (the NS's publishers) to that effect.

In a letter to the Editor this Monday, Sir Thomas Hetherington, the Director of Public Prosecutions, writes on his behalf that:

> This article contained a report of an interview with one of the jurors at that trial and included the juror's account of significant parts of the jury's deliberations in the course of arriving at their verdict.
>
> It is the Attorney General's view that such publication involves an interference with the due administration of justice as a continuing process and accordingly constitutes a contempt of court.
>
> The Attorney General regards the contempt as a serious one particularly in the light of the widespread publicity which inevitably attended the publications of this juror's revelations.

CHARITABLY ENOUGH, the Attorney's intentions do not on this occasion include seeking the customary 'Order for Committal' to gaol for either the Editor or the two authors. This is because Sir Michael

> nevertheless recognises that the position in law has hitherto been considered by some to be unclear. He therefore desires me to indicate that his essential object in bringing contempt proceedings is to seek to clarify the law on this matter of grave public importance.

In short, he hopes that he may have a short, sharp and simple test case (and one lacking in inconvenient martyrs) whereby the Divisional Court bench rules that all jurors must maintain their silence to the grave. He will have no such good fortune. The law on the matter may indeed be mysterious and unclear to some; it was certainly not unclear to those whose legal views the NEW STATESMAN sought prior to publication. Nor, incidentally, does it seem to have been unclear to one of Sir Michael's principal legal assistants, Mr Gerald Adams, who informed the *Observer* shortly after publication that the article was not in contempt. And, indeed, it is extraordinarily hard to see how the *post hoc* account of a jury decision interferes with the 'due administration of justice' in a case where such justice has already been fully and very finally dispensed.

It may of course be dispiriting to the Attorney General, DPP and staff to have their performance as prosecutors so exactingly tested as was possible with the aid of the Thorpe case juror. But the English judges are not appointed for their ability to protect the DPP from embarrassment. Open discussion of the way a jury works is, in our view, a vital gain for the public support of the courts, and no hindrance to the administration of justice.

We are, it seems, nevertheless to be a test case to see how great a mystery can be made of the juror's right to freedom of speech. There is at the moment no power in the land to hinder that freedom, save where it affects matters of security or confidential evidence (which is does not in this case). We hope we shall not have to go to the European Court of Human Rights to have that proved.

WE ARE OF COURSE always in favour of making the law as clear as possible for the common person or common journalist to understand. The way to tidy up convoluted legal principles, among which the law of contempt ranks high, is to lay appropriate statutes before Parliament for enactment. No one can say that Parliament is not ready for this: Lord Justice Phillimore's committee dealt with the subject in depth in its 1974 report, and the government response was published in March last year. The time is therefore ripe, if the Attorney-General thinks that the law needs clarification, for a Bill on the subject to be included in the next session.

The reply to the Director of Public Prosecutions by the Editor follows below:

Dear Sir Thomas,

Thank you for your letter. The NEW STATESMAN will be happy to co-operate in your enterprise of clarifying the law – despite the fact that the law seems to us adequately clear already.

Your approach seems to be conceived in the same civilised manner as that adopted in the case of the *Sunday Times* thalidomide articles, and as a veteran of that episode I have only the pleasantest memories: at no stage did the acerbities of public debate interfere with the urbanity of personal dealings between the two sides. There is, however, one very different circumstance to which I would like to draw your attention.

You will recall that the *Sunday Times* agreed to bear all of its own costs in what was also a test case designed to clarify the law (regrettably our law, once clarified, turned out to be in breach of the European Convention of Human Rights). This was a generous contribution by a large and wealthy newspaper towards the administrative costs of the State.

I am sure you will agree that a smaller and much less wealthy publishing company, which is going through a complex and costly process of development, should not be called upon to behave with equivalent generosity. Given this, and given your contention that the law requires clarifying, and given the fact (if I am not mistaken) we do not have the option of declining your invitation, I hope you will agree that the government side should agree to reimburse the NEW STATESMAN's reasonable legal costs.

Yours sincerely,
Bruce Page, Editor.

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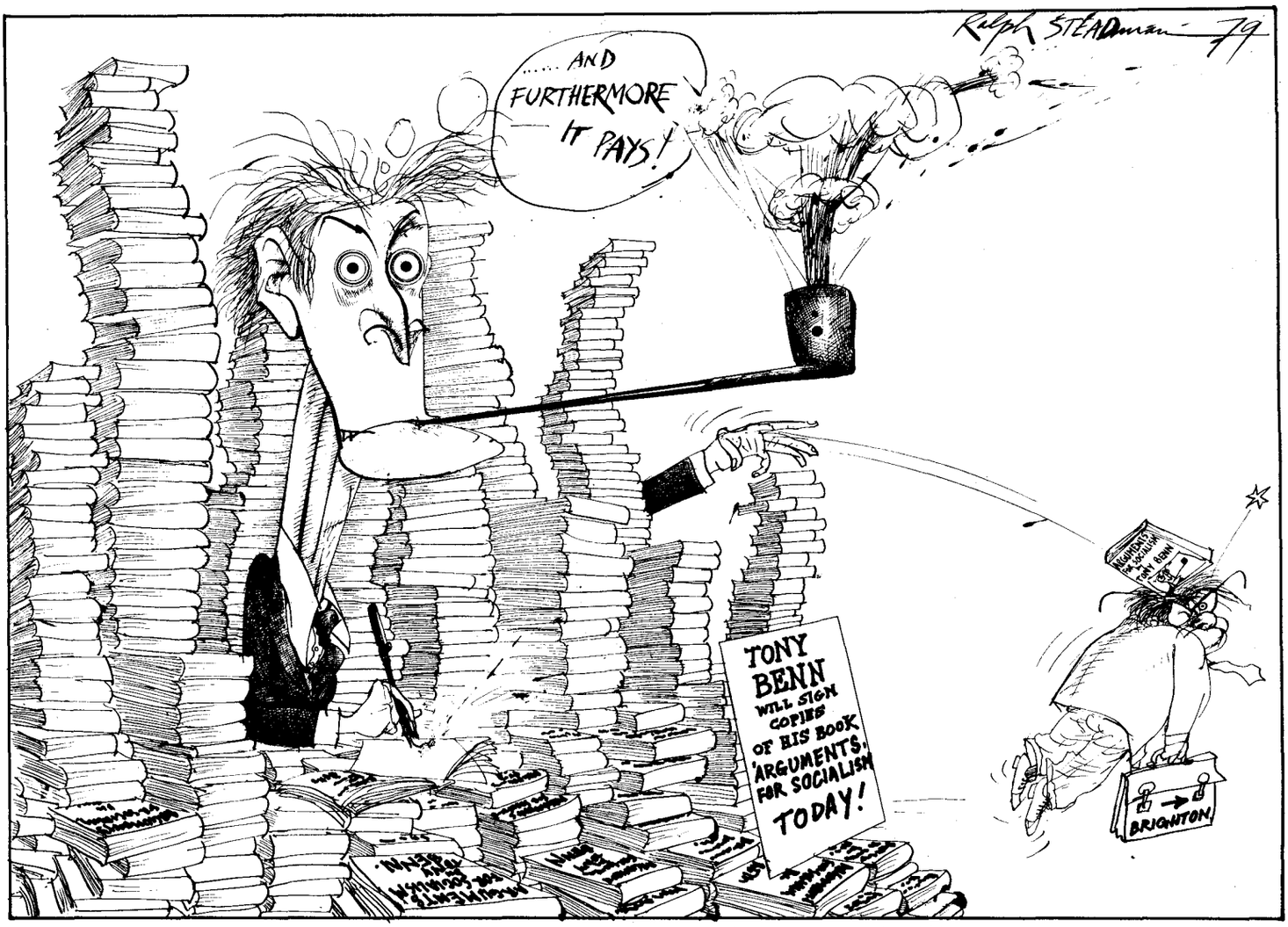
Ralph STEADman 79
..... AND FURTHERMORE IT PAYS!
TONY BENN WILL SIGN COPIES OF HIS BOOK 'ARGUMENTS FOR SOCIALISM TODAY!
BRIGHTON

Ralph Steadman dropped this cartoon off at the office on his way to sign copies of his own book.

NOTES

The Gulf of Tonkin – here we go again

Anthony Barnett writes: Peking has announced that as from 23 October the Gulf of Tonkin will be a 'danger area' for aircraft, and the busy Bangkok to Hongkong route will have to move South. Aviation officials have noted with concern that danger areas are not normally declared 'over the high seas'. In the Gulf itself China has been conducting combined air and naval exercises which have violated Vietnamese waters and air-space and claimed some Vietnamese fishing vessels. At a time of extreme food shortages, Hanoi has had to instruct its fishermen to remain inshore. Vietnamese sources believe China may attack not only across the land border, along which PRC troops are again massing in large numbers, but also from the sea. They hope the current exercises are only a show of force, but fear an assault upon Haiphong which could destroy North Vietnam's main port and further wreck its economy.

The Chinese manoeuvres coincide with the new Sino-Soviet talks in Moscow, in which the Chinese side wish to negotiate over Cambodia and Vietnam. The Chinese may hope to weaken Russian support for Hanoi through proposing enticing economic agreements. Haiphong might then be attacked while negotiations continue, just as SALT 1 was finalised by Nixon in Moscow while the USAF bombed Hanoi. On the other hand, a confrontation in the Gulf would necessarily involve both units of the Soviet Navy, and the US Seventh Fleet – already in the area on active patrol, ostensibly to help refugees. But, until the significance of the Chinese unilateral warning becomes clear next month, events will continue to turn on the fighting in Cambodia. There, the Chinese are still committed to Pol Pot and the Vietnamese are deployed to sweep away his army.

The Pope's sheep

Mary Holland writes: The Pope's visit to Northern Ireland next weekend now seems likely to cause even greater long-term damage to the situation in Northern Ireland than its critics had originally feared. It has now been confirmed by the Catholic Press Office that the Pope will speak on the Northern situation on Saturday afternoon at an open air ceremony at Killineer, two miles outside Drogheda. In the words of a spokesman: 'An appeal will go out to Ireland, North and South, Catholic and Protestant, Provo and Ulster Freedom Fighter.'

All the texts have been chosen with the North in mind and one of the readings will be given by John Hume, deputy leader of the Catholic SDLP. The Pope himself will preach on a text from John the Evangelist: 'And there are other sheep I have that are not of this fold, and these also I have to lead.' While it is just conceivable that Pope John Paul II has forgotten the Reformation, and so regards this as an appropriately ecumenical text for a sermon, neither Mr Hume nor the Northern bishops can be under any such illusions. They cannot be unaware of the effect the text is likely to have, not just on the Rev Ian Paisley and his followers, but on all Northern Protestants who suspect that the prime aim of the Catholic Church in Ireland is precisely to lead and finally subsume the sheep not of its own fold.

The choice of Drogheda as the venue for expressing these sentiments is unlikely to engender that spirit of peace and reconciliation for which the Pope hopes. The Church insists that there is nothing significant in the location, but Irish bishops know that Drogheda is the most emotive place name in the history of the Irish Church. It was here in 1649 that Cromwell put 3,500 Catholics to the sword and established English Protestant supremacy.

Given that this is a pastoral visit, rewarding Ireland's loyalty to the faith, it is hard to see how the Pope can avoid evoking the persecutions of the past. He will not need to refer to those who inflicted them; every Irish Catholic knows. What makes this situation emotionally explosive is that the ceremony at Drogheda has been arranged primarily for Catholics from the North. The church is determined that when they get there they won't be disappointed.

New line on Kelly death

Rob Rohrer writes: Police circles on Merseyside are offering the strangest explanation yet for the broken jaw suffered by Jimmy Kelly – the Huyton labourer who died in police custody fourteen weeks ago. They are blaming the ambulancemen. When Kelly was carried into Huyton police station he stopped breathing and 'turned blue'. The ambulance crew called by the police inserted an airway into his mouth to inflate his lungs with oxygen from a Minuteman apparatus. Trained users of the equipment, however, say it would be 'impossible' to fracture the jawbone while inserting the airway, a short, curved length of flexible rubber piping. Dr John Terry, the independent pathologist working for the Kelly family, says in his report 'the blow which caused the fracturing of the jaw must have been considerable ... at the same time ... the breaking of the dentures occurred'. Kelly's dentures broke into four pieces as

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his jawbone shattered on each side. The bits were found on the wasteland where witnesses say they saw two policemen attacking the drunken labourer.

Many people feel that police inquiries have been unreasonably protracted. The West Midlands police who took over the Kelly file three weeks ago expect to report to the Director of Public Prosecutions in October. Since Kelly's death in June there have been three police inquiries and *four* post mortems. The extra post mortem was carried out by Dr John Benstead, a Home Office pathologist. Benstead had conducted the initial post mortem on Kelly and failed to discover jaw and spinal injuries. It now transpires that Benstead returned to the mortuary for a second examination the day after a local policeman had interrupted the family pathologist's post-mortem.

The lack of public accountability for the police continues to create suspicion and distrust. A fifth protest march past Huyton police station this Saturday is expected to be attended by hundreds of local people, who are campaigning for a public inquiry. So far, outside investigation of the Kelly affair has been kept within police circles – initially within the Merseyside force itself, until public pressure forced the inquiry by West Midlands – which itself has a scarcely better reputation. With the recent toll of suspicious deaths in police custody now up to three, a major public enquiry is somewhat overdue.

Government won't pay

A correspondent writes: Most legal systems observe the rule that the losing party to a lawsuit has to pay his opponent's costs as well as his own. Given the enormous expense of litigation, it is easily the most daunting risk facing any litigant. But the rule makes the fruits of victory worth having, and ensures that a great many more cases are settled on an estimate of the outcome than are fought. The judicial conscience is eased by the knowledge that a large number of cases are conducted at the expense of insurance companies and others. For these reasons, the rule is almost universal.

Except, apparently, for Her Majesty's Government. Last April, the European Court of Human Rights held that the three and a half year ban on discussion by the *Sunday Times* of the thalidomide litigation was a breach by HMG of Article 10 of the European Convention. A narrow victory, perhaps – by eleven votes to nine – but a victory nevertheless, carrying with it, it was thought, the usual right to costs. In the absence of a precise figure, the Court gave both sides three months in which to try to negotiate an agreement. The *Sunday Times* accordingly drew up its bill, covering seven years litigation before five separate tribunals, at the relatively modest figure of £40,000. This was duly sent to HMG.

The 'negotiation' was short and pretty acid: it consisted of a curt 'not interested' and a point-blank refusal to budge or explain. The elaboration on this view that HMG will shortly be invited to give (in further proceedings) will be awaited with some interest, if only to see how it compares with the rather curious approach adopted by the Solicitor-General in his argument in April 1978. After describing the *Sunday Times*' request for costs as 'very unusual' and as 'particularly surprising in these proceedings', he suggested that the European Court ought to refrain from making any award, first because of 'the friendly way in which the proceedings had been conducted' in the English courts, culminating in an agreement in the House of Lords that each side should bear its own costs. Secondly, he suggested that the increased circulation and revenue accruing to the *Sunday Times* as a result of being able to chronicle the business of its own suppression had probably resulted in their not being out of pocket at the end of the day. (The fox enjoys it, m'lud.)

It remains to be seen whether the European Court is attracted by these arguments. In English courts, such a line of argument would receive short shrift. But the government's lawyers seem determined not to pay for their own follies.

Whale on the menu

Mick Hamer writes: Illegally imported whale meat was being openly sold in a Blackpool supermarket last month. Fine Fare had been asked by one of their customers for some whale meat and consequently some meat was put on sale. It was withdrawn after customer protests.

The import of whale meat was banned in 1973 in an effort by Britain to reduce the pressure on whales, many species of which are endangered. Further restrictions – under the 1976 Endangered Species (Import and Export) Act prohibited from 1977 the sale or display of whale meat.

Despite these controls conservationists are alarmed at how easy it is to obtain whale meat. In the Blackpool case Fine Fare simply passed their customer's request on to a Fleetwood importer.

JUSTICE Fiddling with juries

Phil Jeffries and Duncan Campbell write: The current row over the ethics of jury vetting, and the *Guardian*'s disclosures of the prospective jurors' pedigrees, ought to bring about an investigation of the entire process of jury selection. But as far as packing and vetting juries is concerned, we ought perhaps to be sophisticated enough not to be surprised that it happens. It would be more surprising if the business of court administration and jury selection, caught up in a historical structure of considerable complexity and no accountability, did not involve some tampering by the state. We have recently unearthed some new evidence of how government lawyers wholeheartedly set up the juries they want.

Jonathan Wooler and William Hone were the defendants in trials for seditious and blasphemous libel – prosecuted in a determined government attempt to clamp down on the radical press. Prior to Wooler's trial, an officer of the Treasury Solicitor's Department visited the court officer responsible for summoning the jury. The Treasury Solicitors instructed the prosecuting counsel; their role has more recently been taken over by the Director of Public Prosecutions. The clerk who received this visit later described its unusual nature to a committee of enquiry; the Treasury Solicitor was

> requesting to know whether certain persons, the names of whom were contained in a list 'were good men'. The gentleman then asked me the question as to their political opinion and which were good men. I said yes, they were all good men, and he replied but mark some of the names of the best. I considered it very improper and refused for a long time . . . He urged me to do so and I then complied, but thinking that it would be highly improper for a Clerk to further the views of Ministers in reference to the juries, I marked two or three of the names as good men whose political opinions I knew to be in favour of liberty . . .

This all happened, it should be said, in 1817, when the process of packing juries was rather more visible (and evidently aroused more dissent from public servants) than now. The documents concerning these and other cases are now fully available from the Public Records Office and the Corporation of London Record Office*. Concealed in the lawyers' papers and elsewhere are some revealing pieces of official mischief, which the weeders missed. The packing of juries had then already aroused considerable public concern; in such cases as Wooler's, notorious 'Special Juries' were selected from a black book containing the names of those with at least £100 to their credit. Even then, the Master of the Crown Office who selected the jury was observed to be moving his pen to the names of those he considered 'good men', as the City of London Common Council enquiry later in 1817 discovered. But the vetting went further than all of this; the Attorney General's brief for the prosecution of Hone now available at the PRO** contains correspondence from another official whose views on selecting the jury had been sought. The Attorney was told:

> You could not have two better than John Paterson of Old Broad Street and William Soltan of St Helens Place. Jas Gibson is a capital juryman in civil matters, but he is a Presbyterian, or rather a Unitarian –

His informant was aware that such matters should never reach the public record and lower public confidence in the legal process. The letter concluded:

> Pray burn this.

Even without such underhand operations, public confidence in fairness of the official jury system was then less than noticeable. Some 20,000, according to the *Times*, mustered outside the City of London Guildhall to support Hone. Most of the carefully picked jury failed to appear, and ordinary unvetted jurors had to make up the numbers. The Attorney General dared not challenge a single juror without good cause. Hone was acquitted of all the three charges he faced.

The acquittals however abated the fury over selection practices, and very little changed subsequently, except the circumspection with which juries were vetted. Former Attorney General Sam Silkin notes at the beginning of his guidelines on jury vetting, published last year, that 'Prior to 1974, a practice had grown up . . . of prosecutors asking for information concerning potential jurors'. In fact, this was not a 'practice' – it was an institution which had until then enjoyed almost total secrecy.

Of course, as Judge Gibbens pointed out in allowing the prosecution to vet the first jury panel in the current 'Persons Unknown' conspiracy trial, there are two ways to pack juries. One is to get your blokes in to start with; the other is to knock off the unwanted ones until you have a reasonable degree of bias, if you can get away with this. The row so far has been about vetting juries whose members have previously been selected, supposedly at random.

The contemporary institutions of jury panel selection – today's prickers of the black books – have not previously received much attention. Former Air Commodore Thomas Thomas, who is the principal jury summoning officer for Greater London explained this week to the NEW STATESMAN how his office operated. He is employed by the office of the Under-Sheriff of Greater London – in fact, a firm of solicitors called Burchell & Ruston – and through them hired out under the 'operational control' of the South Eastern courts circuit. He and his staff – which by coincidence consists of four other ex-officers, a Group Captain and a Wing Commander – prick names as they choose where their pen alights on the electoral register. These names are then eventually passed on to the court; in the case of the Old Bailey, at the rate of 1,500 a month. Thomas was recruited through the Officers' Association.

The initial selection of juries thus takes place without external supervision, and without any attempt at mathematically random techniques. The same is true throughout the rest of Britain. In these circumstances, it is unsurprising that defence lawyers and others have from time to time complained about the systematic under-representation of women, blacks and other ethnic groups. But they should be glad they get in at all.

**Report and papers of the Jury Committee, 1817: Misc MS 173.4.*

***Prosecution papers, Hone: TS11/44.*

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Zimbabwe Notebook

Christopher Hitchens

☐ Lord Carrington's effort at Lancaster House takes the number of 'initiatives' on Rhodesia easily into double figures – that is if you count the doomed and comical missions of Lord Goodman and Sir Max Aitken, the clueless visits by Arthur Bottomley and Cledwyn Hughes, the straight sell-outs by Sir Alec Douglas-Home and Henry Kissinger, the collectors' item buffoonery of Ivor Richard at Geneva, the desperate search for ships with names like *Tiger* and *Fearless* by Harold Wilson, the 'please can I be elected to the NEC' trips by Dr David Owen, the airline ticket mistakenly issued to Lord Alport and many more in the same vein. There cannot have been anything since the war which has shown up our politicians and 'wise men' in such a consistent and lurid light of bad faith. Still, it has been the launching pad rather than the graveyard of many a Foreign Office and Commons career. There has been no stupider remark about it than Harold Wilson's grandiose claim of 'my Cuba', but many mandarins must be regretting what they said and wrote in private. The shame, really, is Labour's. Years ago I can remember John Hatch writing in the NS about how black Rhodesians listened anxiously to reports of Labour's election prospects. Inconceivable today, of course, in Rhodesia or anywhere else. At a rally a few nights ago, Bob Hughes MP (a good man) was drowned in catcalls when he read a telegram of 'solidarity with African liberation' from Ron Hayward. *Sic transit* . . .

☐ The surprising thing, at least for many observers of this conference, is the appearance of the Patriotic Front as accomplished negotiators. They have consistently outmanoeuvred the Salisbury team, and have been much more open and candid than their rivals at public briefings as well. Some men, whose newspapers are wont to call the PF 'terrorist thugs and murderers', sit rather thoughtfully through these occasions before rushing off to file the expected stereotypes. Utter amazement greeted the PF concession on European seats and the electoral roll (perhaps slightly foreshadowed by Julius Nyerere in his interview with the NS last week). The increasingly obvious fact is that the Front are winning the war and therefore finding it easier to win the peace. Their readiness to live with the neurotic attitude of the British government and the Rhodesian Front on the question of white guarantees is more a sign of confidence than of weakness.

☐ If there is one thing more nauseating than another, it is the sound of a Tory pipsqueak going on about Ian Smith's gallant war record. Smith, who was entertained to dinner by the Marquess of Salisbury at Hatfield House last week, seems to have done very little in the war to compensate for the loss of the plane which he crashed on take-off. By contrast, Mr Hardwick Holderness, whom I met recently, scored so well for the RAF that he remains the most decorated Rhodesian pilot of the last war. There is a crucial difference between Holderness and Smith, which I commend to the Tory conference delegates and to the *Daily Telegraph* letters page. Smith is a traitor, a murderer, a racist and an ignoramus. Holderness, whose record of valour should not be mentioned in the same breath, has spent years of his life working against racialism in Rhodesia. He served with Garfield Todd in the only government which ever tried to amend the discriminatory system. He was a distinguished lawyer whose firm defended many victims of the Rhodesian Front's persecution (among them Mr Robert Mugabe). He left Rhodesia a few years ago on his retirement, unable to see much hope while Smith remained in charge. Does this shed any light on the Tory idea of patriotism? Incidentally, during the war 9,187 white Rhodesian males and 1,510 white women served with the forces of the Crown. So did 15,153 black African Rhodesians. Where were the forces of the crown when Rhodesia needed *them*? On manoeuvres?

☐ Of course, our Establishment has never been able to view UDI as a serious rebellion. As Bingham and countless other episodes show, they have regarded it as a quarrel within the family, to be smoothed over as rapidly as possible. I heard recently of a story which is in many ways emblematic of what I mean. Mr William Deedes, the irreplaceable editor of the *Daily Telegraph,* was recently on one of his many trips to Rhodesia. He was hosted among others by the commanding officer of the Selous Scouts, a unit whose title is often prefixed by the word 'notorious'. This man introduced Deedes to a pack of first-rate fox-hounds, which had been trained by the Scouts to hunt only on the scent of human flesh. Deedes expressed admiration for the prowess of these furry friends of Rhodesia, and inquired as to how the commanding officer had got hold of them. 'Nothing simpler', he replied. 'We had them sent over by the Quorn.' I very much hope that this is one of William Deedes's jokes.

☐ At the moment a favourite subject of speculation is the extent to which South Africa supports the Muzorewa regime. Apart from the fairly well-documented evidence of financial and military aid, there is little indication of the South African attitude to different parties and factions, or their amenability to a compromise with the Patriotic Front. It does seem as if the Right are in temporary ascendency. But the attitude of the Muzorewa government to South Africa is a much less complicated thing. At the recent miserable 'celebrations' for the new apartheid dependency of Venda, where another wretched Bantustan was launched into existence and all its citizens automatically lost all rights in South Africa, the Salisbury administration was represented at ministerial level. Many people say that the Organisation of African Unity is unfair in its outright refusal to have any dealings with Muzorewa. But if he confers recognition on the brutal and cynical 'homelands' policy of the Boers, what can he expect but ostracism?

☐ Much nonsense is being talked about 'safeguards' for white settlers; these safeguards to be negotiated by the Rhodesian Front party which brought about the original tragedy. It looks very much as if Smith is playing to the gallery – the RF is due to hold its party congress later this month and he wants to face his bedraggled and thrice-betrayed followers with some sort of piece of paper. Of course there is no reason not to protect the rights of minorities in law. But the Smith group are prepared to prolong the agony of their adopted country in order to secure a few marginal privileges. What would the Smith supporters in Britain say if any non-white group should demand the same? Talking recently with the Tanzanians during Julius Nyerere's visit to London, I made an interesting discovery which may be news to some people. Mr Derek Bryson, a British-born resident, has been consistently elected over his opponent in an African constituency of Dar-es-Salaam, and has held several government portfolios before taking up his present post as head of the National Parks. And Mr Amir Jamal, an Asian, is elected in an African up-country district and now occupies the post of Minister of Communications. There is, of course, no racial definition of a voters roll in Tanzania. Rhodesia is probably the country in the world that needs it least. And I have never heard the Rhodesian Front demanding minority safeguards for Asians.

☐ There is a widespread impression that Muzorewa's accession to power has led to an amnesty for political prisoners, and an end to the policy of secret executions which was such a disgusting feature of the Smith years. This impression is false. The International Defence and Aid Fund has just published a meticulously-researched document (available from 2, Amen Court, London EC4) which details 1,503 people held under the hated 'Law and Order Maintenance Act' or other statutes governing political activity, and 196 people detained without charge or trial under straight detention orders issued by the government. In many cases, this latter category covers people who had completed a prison sentence or been acquitted by the courts and thus could not be 'got' any other way. Finally, Defence and Aid know of 152 people sentenced to death since the time (April 1975) when the government began its policy of hugger-mugger executions. The conclusion about most of the third category must be that most of them have already been executed (or murdered in terms of English law) often without so much as a notification to their families. When I had the chance to question Muzorewa about all this on television recently he simply declined to give an answer. Perhaps his civil servants hadn't told him.

☐ It's rumoured that Muzorewa may be invited to address the Tory Party conference if these proceedings go on long enough. If he does go, I hope he has better luck than he did in 1977. I really felt for him as he addressed a Blackpool fringe meeting sponsored by some 'progressive Tories' and had to put up with racist abuse and sneers from the audience he got. Funny how people change – everybody from Paul Johnson to Julian Amery seems to like the Bishop now. But then he's changed too. I remember how on that occasion he blamed the security forces for most of the bush-war atrocities. *That* hasn't changed, however much he and Paul may have done.

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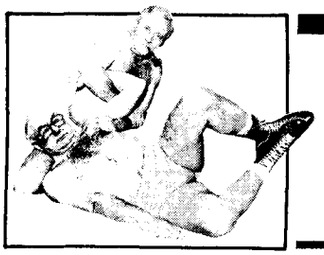

Labour's culture of illusions

Brutal figures make it plain that the Labour Party's future is in doubt. Does the problem arise from misconceptions about its past?

MAGNETISING a dense field of critics, touts, urgers and camp-followers, Labour gathers for its conference, and commonplace opinion predicts a struggle for the party's soul (assuming this prized escutcheon is not left absent-mindedly in the luggage-rack en route to Brighton). In broadsides as various as Denis Healey's Sarah Barker Memorial Lecture, Tony Benn's essay-collection *Arguments for Socialism*, Roy Hattersley's newspaper articles and the Labour Activist Group's *What Went Wrong*, the spokespeople of the chief tendencies have offered analysis of the past and prescription for the future.(1)

These contestants, and their commentators, share the notion that there exists – despite flaws, of different kinds – a substantial political entity, awaiting capture, betrayal or irresponsible destruction. But both renewal and destruction assume an existence, and a history. Both Benn and Healey invoke a similar spirit of 1945, even though their rhetorical intentions are different, and they suggest conflicting routes for a return to that blissful dawn. Conceivably, though, it is the shared assumptions which are mistaken.

As the chart opposite shows, Harold Wilson's 'natural party of government' is now closer to extinction than to hegemony: indeed, it may be alongside the Asquithian Liberals, the ILP, the Kommunist Partei Deutschland and the Mugwumps in the museum of political concerns that somehow failed to handle the curves which history tossed at them. The presence of some apparatus of leaders, members and committees is not in itself an index of vitality, any more than the operational flummery of the throne is an index of real power (there are always some working models in the museum), and privately the statistical message would be accepted by many of the contestants for inheritance.

But the essence of the problem is not that the Labour Party does not exist: rather, it may be that it *never has existed*, at least in the way that most of its active figures, right and left, conceive it to have done. The political labour movement in this country has not so much developed in wrong (or treacherous) directions, as merely not developed.

The erosion visible in the party gathering at Brighton is a part – possibly, the most significant part – of a larger process of decay, and the declamations of the Labour champions need to be examined against a background of some investigations wider than their own: particularly this autumn's publication of Keith Middlemass' *Politics in Industrial Society*(2), which lays out, in a detail not previously attempted, the proposition that the personnel and the methodology of British politics are the products of a factory of illusions – internationally unique, itself a product of our peculiar history – within which the capacity to tolerate a 'dichotomy between real and formal behaviour', something necessary in moderation to any brand of politics, becomes overwhelmingly the main qualification for advancement and survival.

Fitted together with some other inquiries attempted in this issue of the NS – into the catastrophe of Labour's finances, into the collapse of its attempts at detailed policy-making, into the nature of the arguments now advanced against institutional change – the thesis of *Politics in Industrial Society* provides a historical framework for comprehending Labour's syndrome of failure: especially the unlovely ideological combination of vehemence with instability (whereby arguments which have been used to anathematise batteries of 'class traitors' crumple like cellophane lanterns at the instant of their exposure to the genial warmth of office). And, on the argument that no satisfactory navigation can began until present position has been accurately established, it may even provide some bleak but realistic estimate of the possibilities of recovery.

IN MOST INDUSTRIALISED WESTERN nations – with the notable exception of America – there now exists a party or group of parties whose business is to represent the political interests of the working-class, and to bring about, by essentially non-violent means, some systematic changes in the organisation of society. Not all of these concern merely the immediate economic interests of manual workers, for there are ambitions and programmes gathered from many radical constituencies: economic reformers, educational egalitarians, foreign-policy invaders and advocates of oppressed minorities.

Analysing these intricate connections and rendering them into effective policies is a task of primordial difficulty, haunted always by the prospect of failure. The parties which attempt it vary greatly, from the SPD in Germany to the PCI in Italy: some are parties of extreme caution, some have only just abandoned formally revolutionary positions; sometimes the working-class presence is manifested through shifting coalitions; and of course there are countries where the emergence from dictatorship occurred only yesterday. Political fortunes, and actual ambitions, vary widely, but broadly most of them can claim to have made some impact on the nature of their society (sometimes, without having achieved office at national level) or achieved at least some of their intentions (reasonable success, for instance, in economic management).

A check-list of vital signs can be composed for any such party, concerned with electoral support, organisational depth, financial stability and competence in policy-making (as is done in these pages) and it is clear that, while most parties might register poorly on some indicators, Labour would have unhealthy readings on all. But overriding specific policy failure, there is Labour's inability to strengthen the moral and intellectual attitudes of its own supporters, and condition or modify those of its opponents. A survey cited this year by the Child Poverty Action Group showed that 43 per cent of UK citizens ascribe poverty to the supposed character-defects of the poor: a view taken by only 25 per cent in the EEC as a whole. In several European countries the business class, while scarcely abandoning the search for profit, accepts much of the case for public restraint upon corporate power: at equivalent levels in Britain, laissez-faire attitudes prevail with a complacency scarcely justified by even the capitalist record (NS 23 March).

Writing just before the crash, Henry Drucker summarised Labour's ideological rout in *Doctrine and Ethos in the Labour Party*:[3]

> a Labour government has acted on the Conservative belief that unemployment will only fall after the rate of inflation has been controlled (thus losing) the right to claim to be the party of equality; and even the mutual interest of the Conservative and Labour leaders in keeping Labour labelled as the party of equality will not long serve to hide the change.

Labour activists who cherish a left-wing self-image tend to project Britain as an island of socialist potential in a Europe of black reaction. But a more accurate picture, while allowing for all the failings and uncertainties of the European left, shows the British movement as socialism's most thoroughgoing disaster-area. The actions which have produced that state of affairs may be readily ascribed to figures of the right, such as ex-Chancellor Healey. But any serious explanation must also deal with the fact that Healey's actions were only possible because of the support they received from Michael Foot and others, who were raised to power upon specifically left-wing credentials.

TABLOID PROPAGANDA portrays a Labour Party infested by rug-chewing Marxists, but reality is otherwise. Current rhetorical fashion often includes dressing-up in some of Marxism's clothes (too often, some of the oldest and shabbiest available), but Labour remains, as it always has been, virtually untouched by Marxist theory or praxis. This is another feature which distinguishes it from

In this article, BRUCE PAGE analyses the peculiarities of Labour's political culture, and their connection to the party's policy-making failures.

PATRICK WINTOUR (page 450) exposes the chaos of Labour's own finances — where the blame can't be put on the Civil Service.

BERNARD KILROY (page 451) makes a detailed case-study of the collapse of housing policy, and the process which gave an ideological victory to the Tories.

(1) *Arguments for Socialism* (ed. C. Mullin) Cape £5.95. *What Went Wrong*, Spokesman £2.95. Some other entrants are reviewed by Anthony Arblaster on page 459

(2) *André Deutsch*, available in November.

[3] Reviewed by Anthony Arblaster, page 459.

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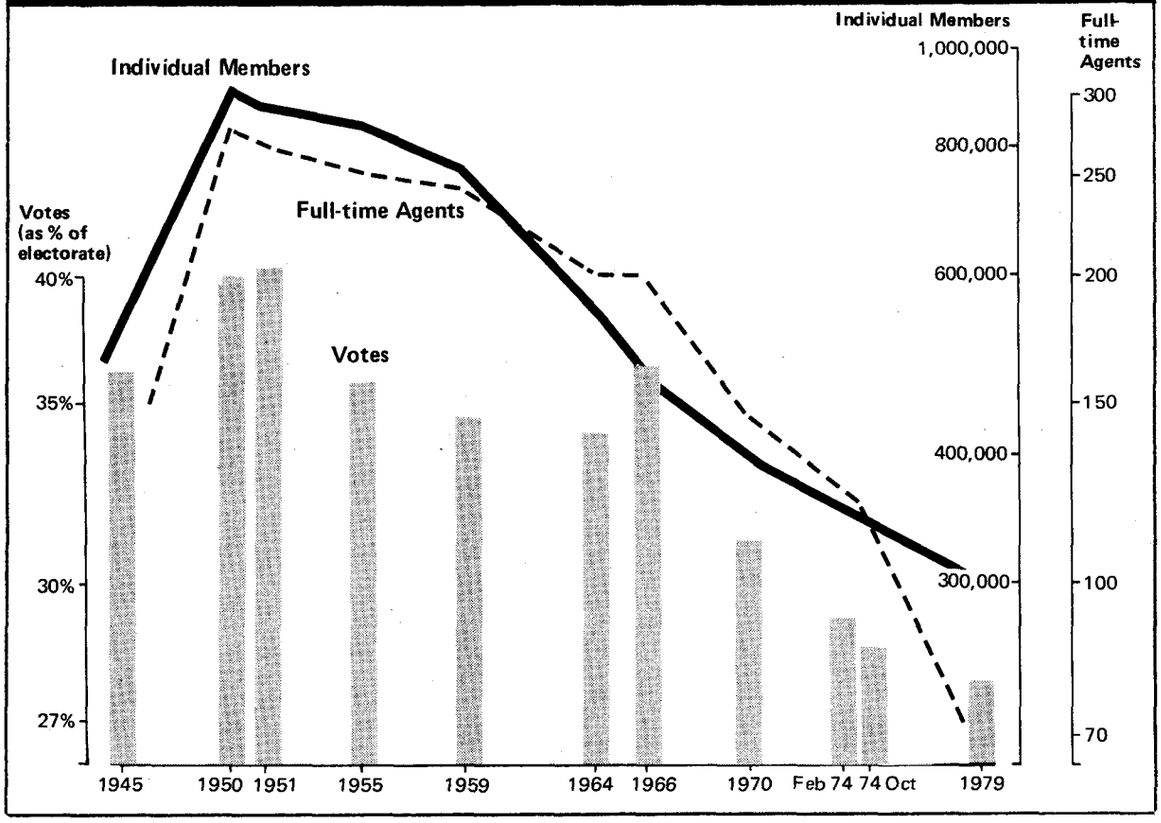
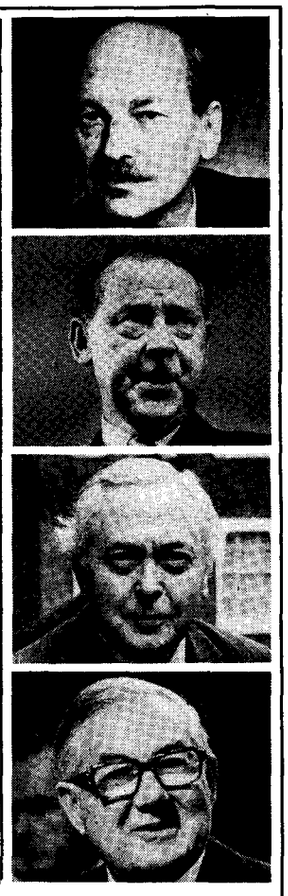
A crusade—or nothing?





Neither the decline of the Labour Party, nor inquiries into its condition, are new, although the extent of decline is not always realised. The peak was in the early 1950s. Between 1945 and 1952 individual membership more than doubled (passing one million) and the number of agents almost doubled between 1947 and 1951. The 1951 vote of just under 14 million – 40.3% of the electorate – set a record that still stands, though the vagaries of electoral distribution returned the Tories. Since, the membership has declined by two-thirds, the number of full-time agents by three-quarters, and the proportion of the electorate voting Labour by almost one-third. (A log scale is used to show the decline; membership figures since 1959 are estimates based on NEC reports to each annual conference, after allowing for changes in the affiliation rules.) In 1947, an NEC statement to conference said: 'Today there are approximately 150 full-time agents in the country, one for every four constituencies . . . Clearly the present scale of progress . . . is quite inadequate . . .'

Peter Kellner

the European parties which – whatever their present trajectory – grew from Marxist roots, and defined themselves by reference to that tradition.

Tony Benn is entirely within the British mainstream in welcoming this peculiarity and – in *Arguments for Socialism* – turning to a 1937 text of Clement Attlee's for a 'classic' statement on the matter:

> In Britain the history of the movement has been entirely different. Widely diffused as (Marx's) influence has been, the number of those who accepted Marxism as a creed has always been small. The number of those who have entered the Socialist Movement as a direct result of his teaching has been but a fraction of the whole.
>
> One must seek the inspiration of the majority of British Socialists in other directions.

Concurring in this account of Marxism as one of the lesser, miscellaneous strands in Labour's development, Benn states the major ones to be 'Christian socialism, Fabianism, Owenism, trade unionism or even radical liberalism': a list which is eclectic to the stage of incoherence. It would be surprising if a Western socialist party did not draw some of its moral insights from Christianity, or some of its ethos from trade unionism (it might be surprising to find anyone who perceived systematic ideas, as against personal amiability, in Robert Owen).

But the point about Marxism is that it claims to provide a generally applicable, but specifically socialist, means of analysing politics: something which a socialist party vitally requires, and which has not been successfully extracted from any of the sources mentioned by Tony Benn. In practice, what effective socialist parties have done is either adopt Marxism, or modify it into scarcely recognisable new forms, or reject it deliberately – generally retaining, in the last case, much of the Marxist appetite for analytical detail, perhaps because something cannot be authentically rejected unless it has once been comprehended. What they have not generally done is dodge the analytical challenge. The attitude Benn expresses, though scarcely unusual, resembles a vigorously-professing Christian who says that Jesus Christ (though possibly misguided) did manage to come up with one or two intriguing propositions. When senior Labour politicians produce their occasional, tortured references to Marxism, they are often deferring to fears of tabloid persecution: but they are also saying that they have not acknowledged the need for coherent analysis of any kind.

THE LABOUR CULTURE combines analytical naivete with a strangely insouciant attitude to failure. Denis Healey, as Chancellor, presided over episodes which were horrendous in straightforwardly Keynesian terms: unemployment became epidemic, the corporate tax-base withered, throwing onerous burdens on working-class taxpayers, and the distribution of wealth (despite Healey's own blood-curdling remarks about 'making the pips squeak') became more, rather than less, unequal. Quite properly, politicians eschew self-flagellation. But it would scarcely be unreasonable for Healey to consider the possibility of such developments affecting Labour's traditional electoral support.

But a set-piece review such as the Barker Lecture may be searched in vain for any such concession. The election was lost simply because the workers 'voted against the consequences of their own irresponsibility': the idea that the government might have contributed a miscalculation or two to the process is not even considered.

The same ability to disconnect from recent history is equally apparent on the party's other flank. Benn, in his *Arguments*, expresses an understandable concern about the growth of monopolies and giant firms:

> Leaving aside the question of abuse, the sheer concentration of industrial and economic power is now a major political factor. The spate of mergers in recent years in Britain alone etc . . .

Not even by way of self-defence does he consider it necessary to mention that he himself did perhaps more than any one politician to encourage the 'spate of mergers in Britain'. 'Is bigger better?' he was asked when performing this work as a cabinet minister in the latter Sixties. 'I think so, actually', he replied, making clear that the Monopolies Commission must not stand in the way.

To Benn the lesson of the IMF crisis is that the 'social democrats' in the Cabinet were tried and found wanting: they had 'nothing to

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offer' as an alternative to surrender. Yet Benn was a member of the same cabinet, and what he offered was not found more convincing.

To select an example of a slightly different kind: Gerald Kaufman, formerly Minister for Industry, was asked how he squared his vigorous promotion of Concorde with his own tightly-argued position as an economic realist. 'But you don't understand', he said. 'I'm the man who killed Concorde'. The argument was that Concorde could only be destroyed by someone who was doing everything possible to help it. Leaving aside the fact that Concorde still clings expensively to life, such principles of action impose hopeless burdens upon the comprehension of the intelligent public.

HAROLD WILSON was no doubt right when he said that 'the Labour Party is a crusade or it is nothing', but its actual political culture is more like the home-town of Bunyan's Mr By-ends, inhabited by 'my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech . . . also Mr Smooth-man, Mr Facing-bothways, Mr Any-thing . . . and the parson of our parish, Mr Two-tongues.' The value of *Politics in Industrial Society* is that against its background the evanescence of the crusade makes sense.

Middlemass' book begins by attacking the sketch-history of British politics which is largely shared by Tories along with socialists. (Middlemass, it may be noted, is a Boylean Tory.) The sketch depicts the twentieth century as a period of painstaking establishment of parliamentary democracy, on a basis of mass suffrage, social amelioration and erosion of conservative bastions. There were, of course, moments of failure and betrayal (typically, the Thirties) but 1940 is seen as a moment of supra-political national renaissance, leading into the wise, principled reformism of the Attlee government.

Politics in Industrial Society offers a different perspective, in which true parliamentary politics was stifled early in the century, and was brought, together with the unions, under the tutelage of an exceptionally centralised and continuous state power. The summary argument is that:

> A new form of harmony in the political system was established with great difficulty in the decade 1916-26; that it lasted at least until the mid-Sixties when the much-vaunted 'consensus' was seriously, if not fatally, disrupted. Is it unreasonable to assume that, earlier than in any other industrial country, British governments began to make the avoidance of crisis their first priority? That even before the era of full suffrage they had discovered how to exercise the arts of public management, extending the state's powers to assess, educate, bargain with, appease or constrain the demands of the electorate, raising to a sort of parity with the state the various interests and institutions to which the voters owed allegiance? That they sought to avoid . . . crises . . . by the alternate gratification and cancelling-out of the desires of large, well-organised collective groups, to the detriment of individuals, minorities and deviants? That they created in Britain a political order, subtle and loose enough to be resented only by those deviants and minorities; in which despite the appearance of crises in 1922, 1931 and 1940, Party and Parliament declined in governing importance, while supposedly intractable economic conflicts were diffused, and the challenges of Conservatism and Socialism were alike dispersed . . .

Britain, in this account, has been governed for several generations by corporatist arrangements between the national bureaucracy, major employers and (sometimes manipulated, sometimes complaisant) the unions. The argument naturally covers some of the ground explored by Marxist political scientists like Ralph Miliband (*Parliamentary Socialism*), but it benefits from the disgorging of such Whitehall detail that was not available to Miliband: and from the fact that it is presented, not as the working-out of ineluctable historical laws, but as the result of choices and decisions which might have been made otherwise. The trajectory it suggests, while frightening, is therefore not inevitable.

Politics in Industrial Society also challenges implicitly the suggestions of the Right that the Labour Party has been attempting recently to set up a corporate state. Rather, in Middlemass' view, the state has turned the parties into its creatures, and Labour's great failure, as a party of the left, was not to analyse what was happening and set out in good time to devise its own countervailing structures:

> Because the formal lineaments of party survived . . . endorsed by the organs of mass communication, Parliament *appeared* still to be the home, and parties the source, of political power. Except among small numbers of political scientists, armed with Marxist analysis as a means to explain political culture . . . there was no stimulus to investigate real changes in the distribution of power. If there had been, it would have encountered a dense resistance enhanced by the steadily increasing practice of administrative secrecy.

AMID THE MANY illusions of British politics, the illusion of the radicalism of 1945 may have been the most dangerous. Taking a stance similar to Paul Addison's, Middlemass describes Attlee's manifesto as mild and circumspect.

> Most of its recommendations . . . could be accepted privately by Conservatives after the 1945 election . . . and in this sense *Let Us Face The Future* appears like a survey of the geography of future accord.

Such illusions led straight into the fantasies and over-confidence of 1964, 1966 and 1974. Not the least amazing of Tony Benn's remarks is that he says it was only *after* 1974 that he learned

> how the immense power of bankers and industrialists . . . could be used to bring direct and indirect pressure, again backed by media, first to halt, and then to reverse, the policy of a Labour Government that both the electors and the House of Commons had accepted.

The blanket of official secrecy still lies densely over the activities of the last government, and historians cannot yet penetrate it. But it is worth studying the fate of one 1974 promise, where documents happen to be available and the promise involved was one not acceptable to the machinery of the state.

The manifesto undertook to 'withdraw tax relief and charitable status from public schools'. The Permanent Secretary charged with implementing this policy at the Department of Education and Science was Sir William Pile, now head of the Inland Revenue. Although in charge of public education, he was wholly committed to the private sector. He was a governor of a direct-grant school, his children attended one, and his wife taught at one. (One of his colleagues has since retired and been co-opted as a Tory member of the Inner London Education Authority.)

In 1975 Pile dispatched to the Education Secretary, Fred Mulley, a memorandum displaying all the classic devices of delay. First,

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the term 'public school' could not be defined adequately, and indeed there were 'substantial problems of definition involved in discriminating between one kind of school and another'.

Secondly, redefining charitable status appeared to be quite beyond the intellectual capacity of the Civil Service: and furthermore, the task should be lodged with other departments, chiefly the Home Office. Withdrawal of relief on income tax, capital gains tax and capital transfer tax was the responsibility of the Treasury, and rate relief that of the Department of the Environment. None of those departments could be expected to act rapidly, because Lord Goodman had been appointed to make a major study of charities, and the Layfield Committee was investigating local government organisation. In conclusion, Pile wrote

> these nine words from the manifesto raise technical problems to which at present nobody knows the answers . . . action in relation to them lies primarily not with you but with the Home Secretary, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Secretary of State for Environment . . . I cannot think of anything that we ourselves can usefully do in the interim.

It was discovered, rather too late in the government's life, that the Treasury knew all along how to minimise the financial advantages of private schools by withdrawing their rate relief (as had already been done to the universities) and ending their exemption from employers' insurance surcharge. Possibly, this would have been a useful interim action for Sir William, but Labour ministers, lacking any independent source of policy advice, were not to know.

The case is a shorter study of the problem examined on another page, and in more detail, by Bernard Kilroy, dealing with housing policy. The party lacks the ability – and education is an important area for the gathering of radical constituencies – to modify effectively the intentions of the state.

A piquant final detail shows the bureaucracy furnishing the party with suitable obfuscations for the public ear. When Joan Lestor, the left-wing Under-Secretary of State, found herself having to make a speech about private education, Mr N. W. Hodges advised her not to

> suggest any date by which charitable status, as such, might be expected to be withdrawn from the

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public schools. It would be advisable to speak rather in terms of the fiscal benefits associated with charitable status – a fine distinction, perhaps, to the ears of a lay audience, and indeed one which may be lost on them; if so, so much the better.

Investigation steadily multiplies such examples. But establishing the turpitude of the Civil Service only takes the matter so far: the real difficulty is that a party bred so long in a dream-world may have great difficulty in developing a capacity for policy-making on its own. As Patrick Wintour shows elsewhere, the story of Labour's finances suggests that the party may be quite unable to handle the real world without bureaucratic support.

IF THE OUTWARDLY impressive Labour Party of the nineteen fifties was one of the products of a highly-organised bureau-corporate system, what was it that began the decay? 'For forty years after 1926', Keith Middlemass argues, 'Parliament ceased to give sufficient space to ideological divisions in society, and for a time it appeared as if the ideological divisions themselves had disappeared.

> Those who welcomed an 'end to ideology' however either ignored or discounted the sheer good fortune which sustained the . . . prosperity of the 1950s, just as they over-estimated the capacity of governments, civil servants and institutions to achieve compromise once profound economic disparities reappeared. So long as prosperity lasted, the illusion held good that the mass of people acquiesced in the politics of institutional collaboration. But Britain's post-war recovery produced vast changes in the balance between manufacturing and service industry, with repercussions on union and management organisations which put an intolerable strain on their arrangements with government, even before multiple forms of breakdown emerged in the mid-1960s.

So Labour has, effectively, to start almost from scratch, with a political culture – a senior personnel – whose habits of mind were formed in a school of illusions. Perhaps the first thing it has to do is apply some realistic discount to the value which the corporate system has always valued most highly, which is harmony. It seems natural enough, when the party is in such fragile condition, to wish to avoid strife: but to do so may bring about exactly the terminal condition which is feared.

Roy Hattersley has produced the argument with most cogency, maintaining that 'civil war' could be the outcome of some of the constitutional changes proposed for debate at Brighton. The merits or otherwise of the present NEC, he says, are not the point. But if

> the NEC does become all-powerful, sweeping aside the established rights of the Parliamentary Party, then the battle to control the NEC will be fierce and continuous. If we create an electoral college, rival groups with different views about the leadership will compete for a majority. If an MP is obliged constantly to contest his future nomination with nominees of small, unrepresentative groups, factions will be formed to fight both for and against him.

It is, of course, reasonable to insist that constant recall (if actually applied to MPs or any other office-holders) would soon produce a politics of meaninglessness. But for the rest, the prospect which Mr Hattersley depicts as a nightmare sounds reasonably like the battles and tensions which should go on inside a democratic society which has difficult clashes of interest and opinion to resolve. Hattersley says

> I want to avoid winners and losers. I want less conflict within the party, not a constitution in which it is recognised, formalised and encouraged.

It is not easy to believe that the problems which beset Britain at large, and the Labour Party in particular, can be solved without there being 'winners and losers' in some sense. We have become so committed to harmony, that we assume any conflict or tumult to be the beginning of a linear process which must end in total collapse. But the world is not quite like that: collapse, more frequently, comes abruptly after a long period of repression or stage-managed consensus. The fortunate societies are those which can make fruitful, and tolerably civilised use of their conflicts. It is a little rough, maybe, to make Mr Hattersley compete with Machiavelli, but there is no better expression of the temperament from which democracy derives:

> . . . those who condemn the quarrels between the nobles and the plebs, seem to be cavilling at the very things that were the primary cause of Rome's retaining her freedom . . . Nor do they realise that in every republic there are two different dispositions, that of the populace and that of the upper class, and that all legislation favourable to liberty is brought about by the clash between them . . . every city should provide ways and means whereby the ambitions of the populace may find an outlet, especially a city which purposes to avail itself of the populace in important undertakings.

It is perhaps worth noticing that opinion-poll evidence roughly agrees with Machiavelli. That is, the standard newspaper view that Labour harms its popular standing by 'tearing itself apart' is probably quite erroneous. In 1952, the year of the great Bevanite rows, Labour was constantly in the opinion-poll lead, with margins ranging between 1½ and 10 points. In 1961, the year of Gaitskell's 'fight and fight again' speech, a 5-point Tory lead disappeared just before the conference, and although the Tories drew level *during* the conference, they did not lead again till after the 1964 election.

The 1969 battles over *In Place of Strife* did occur at a time when Labour was well behind. But that had been the case for a long while, and at the height of the row Labour crept up to 35%, its best figure for some months. In 1975, with Labour split on the EEC and the Tories broadly united, the lead fluctuated back and forth. The Tories only took a big lead when the Cabinet, without a single resignation, and with the TUC acquiescent, gave in to the demands of the IMF.

All of this adds up, certainly, to an argument that the Labour Party's constitution needs democratising – and that without it, indeed, the party will fade into the shadowland of politics. Furthermore, the only way it can start, if it is to do so, is by way of some resolutions being passed at Brighton. On the most important question, the election of the leader, the proposals would merely bring the party roughly into line with European socialist practice.

But even so, Brighton would only be the beginning of the matter; and if a new, vigorous spirit of democratic conflict were to start flowing through the party, it will be interesting to see which, if any, of the present factions manage to meet the challenge. The one thing which is certain about a democracy is that it is the least predictable of political organisms.

As in all our plans, economic restraints are bound to influence timing. But the next Labour Government will:

- Stop the present system of Direct Grant Schools and withdraw tax relief and charitable status from Public Schools, as a first step towards our long-term aim of phasing out fee paying in schools.
- Continue to move towards a fairer system of student grants.

Labour's 1974 pledge, and Sir William Pile – the mandarin who saw 'technical problems' in it.

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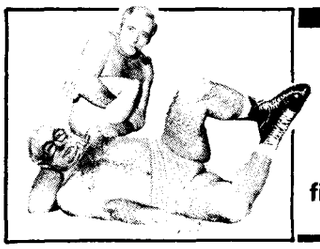

Bankrupt and bruised

PATRICK WINTOUR describes the horrifying financial heritage and prospects confronting Labour Party treasurer Norman Atkinson.

'WE WUZ ROBBED' is the usual cry whenever Labour is booted out. We could have moved forward – but the civil servants stabbed us in the back. If this were really so, the party would presumably run its own financial affairs with tolerable efficiency. The truth, however – which provides independent evidence for the proposition that the party does not exist independent of the tutelage of the mandarins – is that without their help its performance becomes still more obviously ramshackle. In consequence, Labour's next leader just might be defendant in a bankruptcy case.

By the end of 1980, according to the party's hitherto-unpublished figures, Labour will have an accumulated deficit of £1.4 m. on its general fund. Yet as recently as 1977, the fund was in slight surplus. The imminence of this deficit is a principal reason for the major inquiry proposed, and maybe some of the union leaders who desire it hope that they can discredit the leftish NEC's direction of the party machine. But the story of Labour's finances – if it can ever be fully unravelled – seems likely to shower embarrassment indifferently across the political spectrum.

The problem is compounded in that prospects of stabilising the party's long-term position through ownership of its own HQ have been irretrievably lost. James Callaghan was embellishing the truth when he said, laying a foundation stone for the new building at Walworth Road, that 'the ambitions of a lifetime' were being fulfilled. In fact the 35,000 square feet of offices will be rented at commercial rates from a trade-union consortium led by the GMWU, and will cost far more than the present set-up at Transport House. The whole story of Labour Party Properties – one of guileless leaders depending on advice from property dealers and subsequently-emergent crooks – is worth an inquiry on its own. Norman Atkinson MP believes this major attempt at commercial fund-raising may have cost the party £400,000.

The accumulated deficit for 1979 will be revealed at £377,000, despite an increase in union affiliation fees from 24 to 28p per member. And the shortfall in 1980 already assumes a further union increase to 32p, and a more remunerative constituency-affiliated system which the NEC hopes the Brighton conference will agree to phase-in next year.

The old system was based on the (rather pious) notion of each constituency possessing a minimum of 1,000 members. This, at the rate of 32p per member, would produce £320 a time for central funds. Under the new scheme, affiliation will be based in 1980 on actual membership at £1.25 per individual (subject to a minimum of 256 members). Notoriously, membership figures are imprecise, but this reform, it is hoped, will bring in £311,000-430,000 in place of £167,000 for 1979 affiliation fees. It will not be enough. Total expenditure will have reached £3.1m. by 1980, an increase of £900,000 on the previous year.

The Campaign for Labour Victory and some of its union allies allege that the problem derives from prodigal expenditure on policy research: more should be spent on agents and organisation. The logic is not apparent: out of £1.8m. expenditure in 1978, salaries in the research and international departments were only £150,000, against some £500,000 for organisation. (And a research staff of 12 hardly looks extravagant beside 70-odd in the German SPD.)

And more is being spent, indeed, on organisation: through a long overdue increase of 41 per cent in agents' salaries. This wage increase to 66 organising staff will cost £120,000 alone (together with £150,000 on new cars). In effect the decision to increase organisational resources – supposedly a question for the inquiry – has already been made, on the theory that it may break the circle of declining

membership, smaller funds and furtther decline in activity.

But until better organisation produces some return, there will be a horrible financial gap. This cannot be met from reserves, since most of their once quite extensive investments have been sold, apart from £90,000 in a building society. Creditors have been doubled to nearly £200,000 and there is a worrying net liability on the pension fund. Little wonder Joel Barnett says the NEC at last understands the value of cash limits. And indeed there is now talk of cutting back projected expenditure for 1980 by £500,000 but few can suggest how, especially since the heads of department have just been given a £5,000 rise each.

When the TUC met, Norman Atkinson told the union leaders amid much disgruntled talk of 'turning the taps off' that the only way that the party could break even in 1980 was for union fees to rise to 50p, an unprecedented increase. It would cost the TGWU £275,000 extra per year. Most unions find it increasingly hard to get increases past their annual conferences. Craft unions, and white-collar unions, already find that large percentages of their members contract-out of the political levy – 300,000 out of 450,000 in the case of ASTMS – and a sharp increase at a time when many union members vote Tory could lead to the phenomenon becoming more pronounced, and spreading among the blue-collar unions.

ONE possible increase lies in the fact that some unions affiliate well below the level at which their members do pay the levy. For instance all of the 200,000 UCATT building-workers who pay the levy are automatically affiliated. But out of 190,000 COHSE members who pay the levy, only 75,000 are affiliated to the party by the union. This is of course a legitimate choice by an executive which may wish to reserve money for political operations outside the Labour Party or give it at election time or send it to the Party's regions; more could be directed to the party, but only through negotiation and good-will.

Ironically, some of the unions most critical of party organisation are themselves financially inefficient. For instance, in 1977 David Basnett's GMWU collected little more than half of the £556,000 which should have been available from 926,000 members paying the levy.

Whenever the party has looked outside the unions for funding it has disastrously failed. In 1969 Callaghan, as Treasurer, suggested a car insurance scheme for party members. Profits would have gone to the party and an insurance company run by his personal friend Sir Julian Hodge. The scheme was defeated at conference since it would have taken work from Co-op union members. But in the same year geologist and one time Labour candidate Colin Phipps along with Oliver Stutchbury of the Save and Prosper Group persuaded the party to set up a property company. Briefly, the company was to develop property owned by constituency parties. At its height it had gathered nearly £550,000 worth of property. Phipps explained in *Socialist Commentary*: 'the aim will be to improve both income and facilities for participating parties and at the same time provide assets against which money can be borrowed. With this money new properties will be developed in constituencies currently without them. None will lose and all should gain'. The company got off to a bad start by appointing chairman of the NEC Finance Committee Andrew Cunningham on to the board. Cunningham was found guilty of corruption with Poulson just as the company was beginning, and had to resign.

The year after, the late Sir Eric Miller of Peachey Properties joined the board. He resigned in 1975, having apparently given very little advice: though advice was certainly required. Energised by an interest-free loan of £134,000 from the Party, the company bought about a dozen properties from constituencies: all at high prices just before the boom collapsed.

Such rents as could be collected failed to cover spiralling interest charges. Confusion grew: board minutes were inadequate or non-existent, letters went unanswered, and loans were taken from constituency parties without interest-rates having been agreed. In Hull, £5,000 was lost by developing a building which belonged to someone else; in Tunbridge another was developed at a cost above its market price. More generally, rents were not collected and buildings not developed. The one full-time property supervisor John Crouch had too much to do and an uncertain sense of his responsibilities. He thought it was the Finance Department's responsibility to collect rents; the Finance Department thought it was his.

Phipps and Stutchbury remember the whole episode with some distaste, saying that James

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Callaghan and other Labour panjandrums who served on the board could not be got to concentrate on matters. Both of them resigned in 1974; soon after, Callaghan left to return to government. Since then, it is agreed, John Cartwright MP has managed to bring a little stability to Labour Party Properties.

The company's worst headache was Walworth Road, the incipient HQ, purchased for £174,000 in early 1973. The year after, £100,000 was borrowed against the property from the Italian International Bank, a small operation set up in London by a consortium of Italian banks who were attracted by the Eurodollar market. This was not, perhaps, Labour's obvious banker, but the arrangement had been facilitated by James Callaghan himself. Presumably it was his repute as an ex-Chancellor which led to the IIB inviting him onto its board in 1972: he only served until the following year, but was able to help in June 1974 when Labour Party Properties, of which he remained a director, obtained a loan on Walworth Road at 2 per cent above compound. The results, however, were depressing: by 1976 the Italian Bank was in serious trouble, having miscalculated several loans, and in 1977 demanded its £100,000 back, along with £50,000 interest.

This was difficult to do because of problems with Walworth Road. A preservation order had been placed on the facade in 1974. No one from the Labour end had bothered to check that this 18th century building might be adjudged of historic merit. With the property boom deflated the site could not be sold. The only offer they received was at £75,000. It seemed as if the Foreign Secretary's company was about to go bust when John Cartwright secured a £225,000 loan from the Co-op.

Ever since the TGWU had said in the early seventies that they wanted all of Transport House, it was clear the Labour Party would need a new home. Many, including Stutchbury, suggested that Walworth Road was the best option. Callaghan wanted a great coup with a site nearer Westminster. For years Callaghan fiddled while the interest charges down the Walworth Road burned. He was interested in a site on 38-46 Albert Embankment owned by Greenmoor Estates, a wholly owned subsidiary of Westmoreland Properties, yet another company that had to be bailed out by the City.

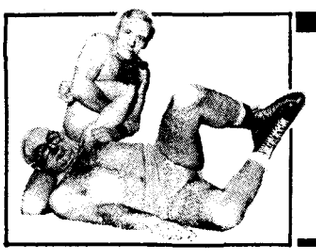
As late as December 1976 Barry Marmore of Westmoreland put in an application to the GLC for an office of 60,000 sq. ft. of office space of which the Labour Party were to occupy 54,000. The deal fell through: the T & G grew impatient. Attention returned to the Walworth Road particularly after Sir Frank Price, a Birmingham property developer on the board of Labour Party Properties since 1975, had after 3 years persuaded Southwark Council not to earmark the site for residential development. In the end the homeless Labour Party and the indebted Property Company were forced into a shotgun marriage and Labour bought Walworth Road for £250,000.

But how to find the £1.2m. needed for development? Ron Hayward's 'pound a brick' appeal flopped in 1977. After furious arguments over whether money could be raised in the City, a trade-union consortium stepped in, and is now developing a site with a 999 year lease which should be worth more than £3.5m. But as the money comes from general, not political funds, the unions' legal advice is that rent must be paid at commercial rates: otherwise, the party will be receiving political subsidies via the back door.

The rent has not yet been agreed, but the unions will probably begin at £120,000 a year – far above the peppercorn rent being paid for Transport House.

But then the Labour Party's investments have never been the wisest. The only company quoted on the stock market in which the party had shares was Canning Town Glass Works. Given to the Party by Lord Brayley in 1964 these 60,000 shares, once worth 100p each, had to be quickly sold off in the mid-seventies when the Department of Trade started to investigate the financial activities of the chairman. The current investments of the Party's superannuation fund also have their drawbacks, if of a different kind. It seems wherever the Party turns to make an honest buck, the familiarly unacceptable face of capitalism raises its head. Of the 55 companies in which the Pension Fund makes investments, 32 make donations to the Tory Party and other right-wing groups, and at least 18 are active in South Africa.

There are some practical things the Party can do to avoid another comedy of errors. It can use its pathetically underemployed computer to compile a national list of members. The Party can appoint a full time fund-raiser. The Party can begin factory branches. But most of all it must regain the trust of the unions through the inquiry and thereby harvest a larger and more regular income from the unions. But if all else fails – come back mandarins, all is forgiven.



Labour's housing dilemma

BERNARD KILROY examines the need to tackle housing and taxation problems together so everyone can benefit.

MICHAEL HESELTINE, the Tory environment secretary, puts Labour councils and many Labour politicians on the spot when he says:

> You, as home owners, have each made a personal tax-free gain of £5,000 this year from rising house prices, yet you want to deny this share of national wealth to millions of tenants.[1]

The inability of Labour politicians to answer this challenge – even if it is over-optimistic about the number of tenants who will be able to buy in the next five years – is a stark reminder that Labour has no consistent housing package to offer the electorate and marked time about housing policy when in power.

Indeed, the last Labour government sabotaged the 'fundamental' reform of housing finance which Anthony Crosland set up within a month of the October 1974 election. Crosland promised that he would not spare 'the slaughter of sacred cows' if necessary and focused on three major issues: the inefficient use of resources, the inconsistencies between what different consumers of housing pay and the aid they receive, and the divisive social implications.

Crosland underlined how owner-occupiers were amply rewarded for their sacrifices, that the council tenant had no appreciating asset and that dealing with one group – council tenants – in isolation, as the Tories' 1972 Housing Finance Act did, caused bitter resentment. Remarkably, Crosland's successor, Peter Shore, did leave the system of automatic tax exemption for owner-occupiers untouched (first time buyers actually got a new extra subsidy), did propose dealing with one group of tenants in isolation by suggesting that local authorities would be means tested when applying for money and suggested that council rents should rise in line with earnings. Crosland had said:

> The social service element in housing does not extend to providing everyone with a house in Mayfair. At that level, housing has become a form of consumption where people are able to use extra income to get more and better housing ... there is no reason why the state should subsidise them to do so.[2]

Peter Shore – still one of the 'Left's' candidates for the Labour leadership – upended this on behalf of the residents of Mayfair:

> Our system of personal taxation is highly progressive. (Mortgage) tax relief is virtually the only significant offset against high marginal rates of tax. It is an incentive to a socially desirable form of expenditure.[3]

He dismissed 'the tangled arguments about "equity" between ... tenants and ... owners' as 'fine points for metaphysicians'.

In laying the radicalism of Crosland to rest with the 1977 Housing Green Paper, Shore had only verbal scuffles to deal with in the NEC housing sub-committee, and at the 1977 party conference there was no housing debate. Furthermore, statements on taxation must have had the approval of Callaghan and Healey. It did not win them votes: analysis of canvass returns has suggested to Transport House that the Tories' policy of selling council houses was very popular with the skilled workers and their wives who deserted Labour in this year's election.

LABOUR'S HOUSING POLICY failed in two important respects: it failed to treat housing and tax reform as one and it failed to understand the aspirations of council tenants. In addition many politicians still remain grotesquely ignorant of the detail and mechanism of housing finance.

So now it is Heseltine who is claiming to aid a 'social revolution' and Thatcher who is posing as the radical in taxation policy! Yet Howe's recipe has been merely to switch from direct income tax to indirect VAT. The real remedy, recognised by the independent Meade Committee, is to restore the size of the tax base. This has been steadily eroded by exemptions, the most significant of which are for mortgage interest and capital gains or transfers on housing.

Opinion surveys show that home ownership

1. Speech to Institute of Housing, June 1979.

2. Speech to Housing Centre Trust, June 1975.

3. Speech to Housing Centre Trust, June 1977.

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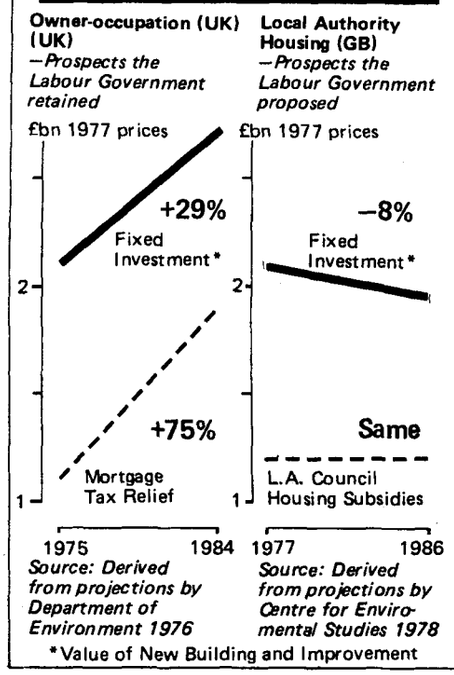
To him who hath . . .



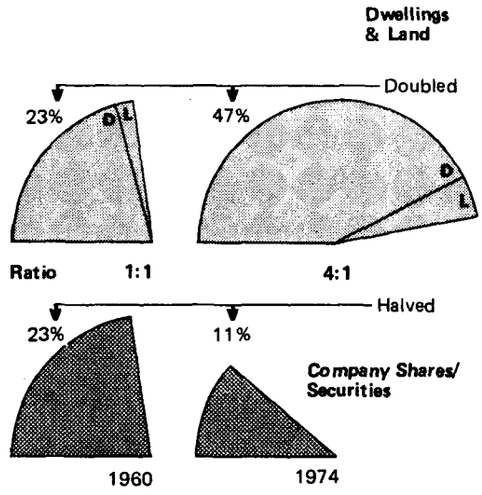
Source: Derived from projections by Department of Environment 1976

Source: Derived from projections by Centre for Environmental Studies 1978

*Value of New Building and Improvement

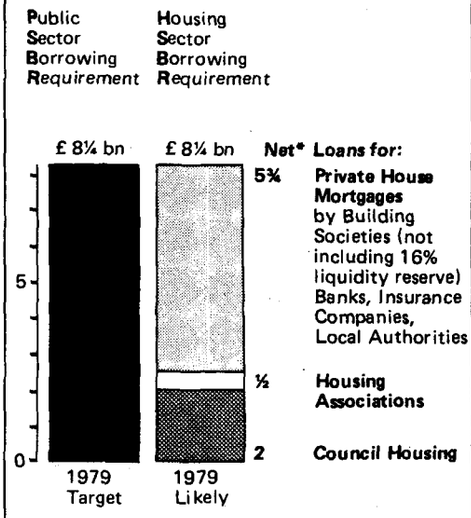
Safe as houses

How average composition of personal wealth has shifted



Source: (Diamond) Royal Commission on the Distribution of Incomes and Wealth, Report No. 4, 1976, Table 30.

The forgotten borrowing requirement*



*Demand for fresh funds over and above re-cycling of existing loans

is very popular among existing young council tenants. But they also show that it is the attributes of independence, choice and control, quality of housing, services, facilities and environment which weigh most with tenants. Urban flat dwellers, who are little interested in buying, rate these requirements highly. It is only with owners that investment scores first place; with tenants it is second place.[4] In other words, Labour could have tackled all of the things tenants dislike about their council housing *and* attacked the favourable tax treatment of owner-occupiers without alienating their traditional support.

Unfortunately many councillors, MPs and housing managers still look upon council housing as for people 'in need'. They do not understand that today's council tenants compare themselves not with the tenanted terraces and tenements their housing has replaced but with owner-occupied villas in the suburbs. The outcome of such a misunderstanding could be, by 1984, the irredeemable wrecking of Britain's public housing system. Even if we are spared this Labour will still not have a credible housing policy until it realises that tax exemptions unique to housing have fuelled both the preference for and price of owner-occupation housing.

Crosland was too isolated. True the NEC housing sub-committee did begin to formulate broad proposals. But they were made in isolation from the sub-committee responsible for taxation and were scrapped by superior committees. This sort of vacuum has made it possible for Heseltine (and before him Peter Walker) to claim that after 25 years the council tenant has nothing while the owner-occupier has an asset which has appreciated in value from £2,000 to £16,000. So, they say, why not redress the unequal balance (for some) by selling council houses? The accuracy of this calculation has *never* been challenged by *any* Labour politician. Heseltine's figures ignore the effect of the changes in the value of money. The buyer's real gain is the extent to which the eight-fold rise in house prices has been faster than the five-fold rise in other prices *less* repair, insurance and transaction costs. The true cost to the tenant is the rent paid in *real* terms net of maintenance over 25 years – i.e. £5,000 – plus the extent to which rents (and maintenance) have risen faster than prices generally. Overall, I reckon that the owner-occupier might be £7,500 better off than the tenant; that is, only just over half as much as Heseltine claims.

But if buyers usually benefit from ownership, why always compound this by giving them tax relief on their mortgage interest payments and exempting them from capital gains tax? And if tenants (one in three of our households) *inevitably* lose, then should we not try and compensate them by providing better services or, for example, special forms of saving – such as 'council tenants only' bonds – as well proofed against inflation as owner-occupation? However, stressing home ownership as a unique hedge against inflation ignores the way in which its rapid growth could be sucking funds away from other – more productive – forms of investment in the economy.

Few in the Labour Party in Parliament, at the party conference or in the council chamber are taking these new issues seriously. There are still calls for the abolition of interest rates – without any explanation of what this would mean for the finances of pension funds (one of the largest holders of local authority debt, often issued to finance house building). Nor is just boosting council house building enough: this now adds only 1 per cent to the stock each year, thus offering transfers to a minority of tenants. Similarly, concentrating on abolishing tax relief above the standard rate ignores the fact that this accounts for only a tenth of all mortgage relief.

Meanwhile Labour have lost both ways: calls for no increase in rents have convinced many that council tenants are a privileged breed. In fact, average council rents have risen in line with earnings and faster than prices over the 33 post-war years as a whole. Deficits on councils' housing accounts have risen because of the hike in housing costs between 1974 and 1977. Given that real after-tax earnings did not rise at all between 1974 and 1977, it does not seem unfair that rents rose less fast than earnings in this period. Yet strangely there was no debate about the virtue of a system, such as Shore proposed, in which workers might increase productivity, increase their earnings and are then penalised by higher rents!

THESE ISSUES ARE NOT just 'metaphysics. Failure to tackle the question of council rents by those who have insisted that pensions should be index-linked puts pressure on services and penalises council tenants. Opinion surveys show that tenants are less bothered by paying more of their income in rent, so long as a fair differential is preserved between renting and buying, than they are by a council's failure to do repairs or their inability to have a say in decorations. Tenants see the biggest disadvantage of home ownership as the cost of repairs and maintenance.

The obsession with rents has meant that other ways of reducing costs have been overlooked. For example, one sixth of all council housing loan charges – £400 million, or more than a quarter of the value of all council housing subsidies – is attributable to houses under construction.[5] A private builder, a New Town Corporation or a housing association would roll up and capitalise this interest as part of the cost of the house, instead of paying it – as councils (or the Exchequer) must do – out of current income. Hardly any authorities distinguish development expenditure and social support in their housing accounts so that it is impossible to see how far subsidies go to tenants, to building programmes, or to welfare.

Part of the blame for this lack of new thinking lies with the last Labour government

4. NEDO 1976 and Joint Docklands Action Group 1976.

5. Cmnd 6851, Technical Volume III, p.26.

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for making Crosland's housing review secret: there were no public hearings and the committee published no papers of its own. Public discussion was therefore inhibited for 2½ years, when, following the 1972/73 house price explosion, the climate was right for fundamental change. Furthermore Crosland – with a transport review on his hands – was overworked. Shore had even less time for it; he was busy fending off housing cuts. As an election threatened, the already slim prospect of reform receded.

However, Shore did little to enhance the status of public housing, despite his late advocacy of 'a new deal for council housing'. He did, after all, countenance a Green Paper which represented owner-occupation as the 'normal' tenure; he promoted a system of housing investment programmes which worked on the principle that public housing should justify itself according to basic need and shortages. He resisted pressure for the publication of the respective growth of tax relief and subsidy costs projected over the next decade, even though his review had calculated them. He refused to entertain any cross-subsidisation between local authorities – the only real alternative. His own proposals for trimming subsidies would only have worked by cutting public sector construction and improvement. Cross-subsidisation would have avoided that.

LITTLE ATTEMPT has been made to sell the image of the public sector. Financially, the public sector has a potential for self-sufficiency which the owner-occupied sector lacks. In the public sector money is spent only once – when the house is first built – so that last year the average historic cost of each council house was still £3,000, making the interest charges on average comparatively cheap. But in the owner-occupied sector, with houses changing hands at higher and higher prices, the debt per house inevitably rises. The total debt needed to finance the sector will rise even if not a single new house is built. In the public sector debt only increases when fresh investment takes place. Similarly, new subsidies are not called for every time a public sector occupier moves, whereas in the owner-occupied sector there is generally an extra injection of subsidy because the interest on the higher debt is eligible for tax relief. As a result, last year the nation's public sector housing account would have broken even on an average weekly rent per dwelling of £7.50. If all subsidies were abolished there would be breakeven – after meeting all costs, including management and maintenance – on £11 a week. And if local authorities received the same 33 per cent relief on interest payments as mortgage holders, this would have been reduced by between £2 and £2.50. True, average rents charged were £6 a week, but, with more sensible accounting of inflation and development costs, the cost gap could be bridged.

The problem is that there is no national housing revenue account. Until the early seventies local authority houses were regularly becoming profitable – needing no subsidy – after 20 years. Then, when building programmes expanded, all housing construction and management costs rose more sharply than other prices. By 1975/76 a house had to be 28 years old before it moved into profit. The effect on individual councils varied in severity depending on how much they had built and when. But there is no system by which the profitable housing accounts could help out those running big deficits.

If public renting's financial potential had been realised, its institutional weaknesses could have been remedied. By now it should have become the Marks and Spencer of housing. Instead consumer surveys show that council housing is monolithically insensitive, lacks choice and suffers from breakdowns in service. Tenants have little hope of mobility: although transfer lists are frequently restricted to those in need or ill, in some areas one in ten tenants is on the transfer list. But in 1975 borough councillors forced the GLC to dilute a London-wide mobility scheme for all council tenants.

Many councils have set up housing aid centres in recent years but primarily covering mortgages, improvement grants, and private rented housing, rarely incorporating them as a consumer service within their own management functions. It has been for outside studies such as (Peter Walker's) Inner Area Studies or the National Consumer Council's to identify weaknesses in consumer sensitivity, management, or estate conditions. Probably a majority of councillors and housing managers are opposed to extending security of tenure to council tenants. Brought up on a diet of rationing, they fail to see the system they administer as a *market* with consumers having demands for products, even though there is no price mechanism. They are shocked by the 'choosiness' of tenants.[6] Why such insensitivity? Is it the structure of local government which does not emphasise personal responsibility and minds more about its officials never putting a foot wrong than what they achieve? Is it the lack of training of housing personnel which has never paralleled that which social workers receive? Is it that home ownership has spread down the social scale until officials consider themselves a cut above their tenants?

Shore dismissed arguments about 'equity' as 'fine points for metaphysicians'.

NO DOUBT SOLUTIONS are dependent on more real devolution/accountability/participation in management; a more equal landlord/tenant relationship; more choice and readier access in lettings and transfers to the consumer according to different qualities, prices and waiting times. Ultimately the system could become a range of local housing supermarkets. It could even include arm's length leases, possibly freely transferable so long as the speculative element was removed. But such developments can *only* happen if a discretionary subsidy system, which puts each council and its tenants on a scrutinised and dependent footing, is replaced by one which allows the system to have the same financial freedom of manoeuvre as the owner-occupied sector has.

6. My thanks to David Webster for insights into estate conditions and rent structures.

This would not give tenants what owner-occupiers rate most highly: their investment advantage. But this right cannot remain unchallenged. Mortgages have become real capital guzzlers. Over the last 20 years the net annual increase in mortgage funds needed has increased from 1 per cent to 4 per cent of GDP; this could not have been accommodated but for the unexpected tripling of the savings ratio as a proportion of GDP. But annual gross capital formation in private housing has scarcely increased and the annual number of new owner-occupiers has actually fallen. With rapidly rising house prices, what is predominantly an exchange market, not a production process, has created a housing sector borrowing requirement two-thirds as big as the PSBR.[7] The tax exemptions unique to housing have made it into the fastest growing form of personal wealth.

The extent to which Britain is overhoused has been obscured. By international standards the proportion of GDP spent on housing capital formation in Britain is low. But this is because we spend too little on repairing, improving or replacing our housing stock. Our industrial urbanisation happened earlier than in the rest of Europe and the one in four houses built between 1875 and 1914 is deteriorating faster than it is being improved. This applies particularly to the owner-occupied houses, even though their value is rising. To put the housing stock in good order without calling a halt to the rise in housing standards requires Britain to increase its proportion of GDP invested in housing by half as much again, at least – or at the level of more efficient Western European economies. There are more pressing claims on our oil benefits.

While this happens, the financially more economical public sector housing is threatened. It could be saved by an outflanking operation similar to that carried out by Lord Kearton at BNOC. If all the housing assets of all councils and New Towns were pooled on some federal formula, public housing as a whole would then give a guarantee to achieve financial self-sufficiency in perpetuity – so long as an automatic 'mortgage relief' on the interest on its debts was paid into a common pool. Such a proposal might just be acceptable to the Tories as it would involve local councils ceding some control to a tripartite body of tenants, councils and government. They might be tempted as more and more Conservative councils point out the limitations and losses of the selling programme.

Advancing such a scheme could give Labour some new credibility in housing policy. Having provided a way of putting a limit on central government aid to public housing, they could argue the case for tax neutrality between housing and other forms of investment, with suitable transitional arrangements which have already been devised.[8] Unless Labour breaks with its defensive housing policy of the past it will not be able to prevent the shift to welfare housing, keep taxes down and preserve the social wage.

Bernard Kilroy is a London Borough housing official with a specialist co-option onto the NEC housing sub-committee.

7. My article in *Lloyds Bank Review*, July 1979.

8. By sensitive forms of tapering, not abolishing, mortgage relief and by making housing assets liable to capital transfer tax when deceased owners no longer need the capitalised benefit of past relief; their heirs have their own.

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AGRICULTURE
Barry Wilson

Will the milk companies' cosy conspiracy be ended?

Drinka pinta mythsa day

OUR COSSETED milk industry is very nervous these days. The big dairy companies are worried that agriculture minister Mr Peter Walker might end their profit guarantee and 'set the market free'. Some of the companies, and the farmers, are even more worried that liquid milk will soon start flowing here from across the channel. This could dramatically wreck the cosy little conspiracy which keeps milk out of British shops, and turn the whole milk market topsy-turvy.

In August last year the French dairy co-operative Union Laitiere Normande challenged the protectionist UK ban on liquid milk imports when it landed a shipment of UHT 'long life' milk at Portsmouth. Local authorities there refused to permit the milk being sold, on two grounds: firstly that it was in metric cartons; secondly that it had not been processed at a UK registered plant.

This was a test case: French, Dutch and Irish dairy companies are very keen to get into the high-priced UK liquid milk market. The French co-operative took the British authorities to the European Court. In July the court answered half the question. It ruled that Britain could indeed refuse to permit sale of milk in metric containers – but only until the end of this year, when Britain's derogation expires. The court declined to rule on the hygiene question under which Britain demands that all milk be treated in UK-registered plants.

ULN or some other Continental dairy company is now expected to try and ship more liquid milk to Britain any day: there is no major difficulty in packing the milk into pint cartons – indeed it might be in the foreigners' interest to do so, to emphasise the cheapness of the imported product.

Britain will probably be able to maintain restrictions on imports of ordinary pasteurised milk, at least for a year or two until uniform EEC health regulations are agreed in Brussels. But it is very difficult to see how we can keep out UHT 'long life' milk as we already permit UHT (ultra heat treated) cream into the country.

Some people in the UK trade are complacent about UHT milk sales here, pointing out that UHT milk has only a tiny share of total sales. But the share is small, presumably, because UHT milk is so expensive here – 2p to 5p a pint more than pasteurised milk doorstep delivered (now 15p). If UHT milk was available at a competitive price here it might well enjoy the sort of sales it has in France and Germany.

But the truth is that the British milk industry is scared about the possibility of any sort of liquid milk getting into shops. At present over 90 per cent of the liquid milk consumed in Britain is delivered to the doorstep. This is a very expensive operation. Why is it then that milk cannot be bought more cheaply in shops? The answer is simple: the dairy companies, in an acknowledged conspiracy, will not allow milk to be sold more cheaply in shops. If it was, this might undermine the doorstep delivery system. And this might undermine the very high level of liquid milk consumption in Britain which, although declining, is still 50 per cent higher than the EEC average and about double, on a per capita basis, what it is

in France, Germany and Italy.

This is where mythology steps in. Myths abound in the milk industry and so many people have had it so good for so long that no one wants to rock the boat if possible.

There is, for example, a universal belief that doorstep delivery is a very vulnerable operation. The Dairy Trade Federation is always trumpeting about the shortage of milkmen; about how they make profits only from the 'top gallons' and that even a 10 per cent drop in sales could topple the edifice of the sacrosanct doorstep delivery system.

The Dutch experience is often cited: how consumption dropped dramatically there when doorstep delivery was restricted. In fact this is exaggerated: sales dropped somewhat but sales of low fat milk increased, and total sales of Dutch dairy products have increased with the development of new products.

There is a more interesting experience closer to home. In the last 10 years shop sales of milk in Scotland have increased from 26 to 46 per cent of the total. But in this period per capita consumption has actually increased by nearly five per cent. Scottish experts think the English paranoia about shop milk sales is exaggerated. But this paranoia is paralysing.

TAKE THE CASE of farmers, the vast majority of whom have done very well until this year but who are now feeling the pinch (or at least those who are heavily in debt are). Five years ago farmers got over 60 per cent of the retail price of the pinta; this year they will get little more then 40 per cent, and this is making them very angry. Mr Peter Walker has been told that something must be done about this widening discrepancy and last week he announced the appointment of accountants Robson Rhodes to examine the position.

But there is no mystery about the situation. It's a holdover from the war, when much of the food industry was government-controlled. For milk, farmers were given a guaranteed price and the dairy companies were given a guaranteed rate of profit. Today, although protected by the EEC support price for butter, farmers get no guarantee, but the dairy companies still do.

Every autumn accountants Peat Marwick Mitchell study the accounts of over 50 dairy companies. Average costs are assessed, a target rate of profit is added – and that's what the dairy companies get. It's essentially a cost-plus system, and as such seems an anachronism in the new Tory nirvana.

The dairy companies say the profit margin from milk is very small, but no one really knows. Only the Co-op publishes details, and they are by no means the most efficient operation. Last year the Co-op sold £170 million worth of milk and made a profit of £1.58 million, a rate of profit of just over 0.9 per cent on turnover.

But while profit to turnover may be small, turnover is very large and cash return is quick. The dairy companies are extremely profitable. Biggest of all is Unigate, whose total sales of all products this year were £1,134 million with total pre-tax profits at £50 million – more than doubled in the last three years. Liquid milk is by far their biggest business – providing well over 50 per cent of company profits. Five companies share out over three-quarters of the liquid milk business. With Unigate and the Co-op are Express Dairies (a subsidiary of Grand Metropolitan) and Northern Dairies (which is doing so well that last month it paid £32 million for an American pig processing company) and Associated Dairies. Last year Associated Dairies made profits of £26.2 million, nearly twice as much as in 1976.

Mr Walker says he wants Robson Rhodes to recommend any changes they think desirable in existing statutory price controls. Critics say the first thing he should do is pick out a more representative sample of companies whose accounts are examined – there is a suspicion that the system is based on keeping the inefficient in business, which gives big profits to the more efficient. Visitors to the Dairy Trade Federation annual conference in Birmingham earlier this year could not have been unimpressed by the array of Rolls-Royces in the car park.

The critics also want to know why the cost-plus formula is such a closely guarded secret between the Ministry of Agriculture and the Dairy Trade Federation (which represents the dairy companies). What, for example, is the basis of the target rate of profit? A Ministry official explains: 'That is lost in the mists of time.'

FIVE YEARS AGO over 80 per cent of milk produced in Britain was sold as liquid milk. Since November 1975 the price of the doorstep pinta has increased in six steps from 8½p to 15p and sales have dropped steadily – at the same time as production has soared. The result is that this year, for the first time, less than half the milk produced in Britain will be sold as liquid.

Liquid milk here has always been the industry's price leader; very different from elsewhere in the EEC where liquid is at the bottom of a market mainly bolstered by higher butter and cheese prices. What this means is that everyone in the business here, farmers, processors, distributors, are doing well from the status quo. Setting the industry free could have some very uncomfortable results for everyone – especially if it reduced liquid milk sales even further. This is why there is such anxiety about possible milk imports from the Continent. It is reckoned that the Dutch or the French could undercut British prices by at least 2p-3p a pint, which is why the Labour Party is scratching its head. New agriculture spokesman Roy Mason annoyed the party's research department by publishing a brief on the issue, prepared in July, which came out strongly against imports. But should the party really join in the plea for dearer food? It wants cheaper New Zealand butter. Where's the consistency?

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Cotswold Diary

☐ Wars are states of armed conflict between differing ideologies or interests; in the country, they are known as boundary disputes. Farmers – the most pampered class in England, and responsible for many of our economic ailments – are the worst offenders. Nothing makes a prosperous redneck so uncontrollably violent as the suspicion that someone is after a millimetre of his land. I myself have moved a box hedge 2½ in. west, at midnight, in order to foil an apoplectic neighbour who had threatened to come and pull it up at dawn. The oldest inhabitant of this village, a frail and ancient chatterbox who wouldn't hurt a dung beetle, suffers a vicious vendetta from the farmers ten yards across the lane. He once advised a newcomer (known around here as 'stranger' or 'outsider') that her boundary mark was along the traces of a dry stone wall he remembered from his childhood. She took his word for it. A few days later, a posse of brothers tramped across the lane and found him dithering with his dahlias. They told him that they would no longer supply him (and his bed-ridden wife) with milk, eggs or wood. There are no buses, no deliveries, and the nearest shop is four miles away. After that, they amused themselves by shouting insults at him as they herded their sleek cows into the milking shed.

The power of the farmer, in an area like the Cotswolds, is absolute. Many of them are oafs, not to be trusted with a 12 bore shotgun. The exceptions are amateurs or, I'm afraid, gentlemen. Plus ça change . . .

☐ Whatever the rights and wrongs of the ITV strike, the chief sufferers are the members of the ACTT themselves, who aren't getting paid, can't apply for Social Security, and can't take temporary jobs. After two months of deprivation – it's been remarkably bearable – I begin to wonder whether most people would really notice, after the initial shock, if the whole thing packed up, International Darts, Parkinson, The Old Grey Whistle Test and all. Most entertainment is for the benefit of the entertainers, and the administration that surrounds them; they do it to keep themselves in the state to which they would like to become accustomed, and we, the audience, are little more than voyeurs. Does the loss of Coronation Street cause us any real hardship? Would anyone really notice if it never came back?

☐ For two months, a battle has been raging between the Lord of Stow-on-the Wold, Duke of Grantmesnil, formerly Baron de Courcy, formerly Mr Kenneth de Courcy, and the Stow Parish Council. The Lord suddenly announced in July this year that he was exercising his right, granted by a charter from Edward IV in 1476, to terminate the lease of the town square to the council. Without consulting the people of Stow, he sold a new seven year lease of the square to a market company, for £14,000. A Mr Michael Farrow opened an office in the High Street and sent out publicity brochures stating that the Stow Market Company would begin operating at 9.30 a.m. on 20 September – stalls could be booked at the rate of £6 a day on a first come, first served basis.

A leader in the *Evesham Journal* of 26 July attempted to calm the outrage. The de Courcys, it said, were Irish, and a bunch of jokers: 'Stow . . . must hang on to its sense of humour at all costs in dealing with its Lord.' The town was not amused. Week after week, as the Lord remained adamant, blood pressures rose. Mr W. J. Didcote brought the house down with his Churchillian rhetoric – 'Mr de Courcy has got no more right to set up stalls in The Square than the Man in the Moon! . . . This man is trying to hoodwink the people of this town and we shouldn't stand for it!' Miss N. Vine said she was appalled, and Colonel S. B. D. Hood said he was horrified; Mr D. Smalley, obviously a reticent man, 'expressed extreme disquiet'. Somebody suggested that the charter had actually been granted by Henry III, who hadn't mentioned exactly where in the town the markets could be held. The clerk, Mr L. J. Doyle, said that Edward IV, at any rate, had made it quite clear that the Lord's rights applied only to 'the wastes of the Manor' – but what, exactly, was a waste? The local MP, the Hon. Nicholas Ridley, wrote a cautious note offering to help in any way he could. Finally, less than a week before Farrow's deadline, the parishioners authorised the Parish Council to seek an injunction to prevent the disaster.

I was in Stow by 9 a.m. on 20 September, hoping for bloodshed. A pellucid, Swiss morning after the rain, nippy; the Gift Shop ladies were dusting their whatnots, the antique dealers still asleep, Range Rovers and Granada Ghias parked as usual. The postmistress looked at me sharply when I asked about the market – a spy? Certainly an outsider. An injunction had been granted for two weeks, she said. There was no sign of life in the offices of the Stow Market Company; the Lord lives at Longborough, a couple of miles away. I shall return, ready for fisticuffs, on 4 October.

☐ *The Guardian* recently drew attention to the MSC's proposed cuts in the Special Temporary Employment Programme, which would mean the indiscriminate slashing of subsidies to many important and worthwhile projects. One of these is the Rehabilitation Services Trust for Oxfordshire Re-employment, known as RESTORE, which provides an entirely new approach to the provision of sheltered work for the mentally disabled. Instead of meaningless 'occupational therapy' on the one hand, and equally meaningless robot-labour in local factories on the other, RESTORE provides specialist instructors in woodwork, horticulture and crafts. A hundred patients – all under consultants at Warneford and Littlemore Hospitals – are engaged in practical, creative work, producing well-designed furniture, growing vegetables and plants, making wearable clothes and essential furnishings. A shop has been opened in the grounds of Littlemore, and the patients have the satisfaction of seeing their work sold because it is worth selling, and knowing that the proceeds will be ploughed back into the project for their benefit.

If the MSC has its way, the instructors will go back on the dole and the patients to weaving unidentifiable baskets; the reclaimed land will go to seed and the Print Shop will once more become an ECT ward. That projects like this should be lumped with Morris dancing groups and therapeutic glee clubs is all too typical of governmental cynicism and ignorance.

☐ Since living in the country, with no shops, and a postbox by my front gate, I have become hopelessly addicted to Sending Up For Things. I fill up every coupon, write off for every free brochure and catalogue, recklessly order soap-savers and pocket burglar alarms. Impenetrable Hedges and Rioting Carpets are irresistible; my electric typewriter and my Scotch Copier may be less than efficient – the one reproducing a burned smudge of what the other has haltingly written – but they were both Special Offers. Owing, I suppose, to some grapevine in the mail-order firms, I now receive huge tomes tempting me to send up for a gold-plated toilet roll holder (22p for 20 weeks), a trampoline (£3.20 for 50 weeks), or a 25 ft domestic ladder in selected timber (£1.37 for 38 weeks – I really want that). God knows where it will end. I find myself lingering over the ad that lures, 'Make This The Year You Learn How To Write . . .'

Penelope Mortimer

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ A Church of England clergyman plans to sign on the dole today to help pay off a fine for hitting a policeman. The Rev Richard Mayes, aged 31, said last night: 'The Lord will provide – even if He does it through the social security.' – *Guardian* (E. O. Parrott)

☐ In London sales of caviar have risen so sharply that the city's only specialist restaurant, the Caviar Bar in the Brompton Road, has started a take-away service to cope with the new 'passing trade'. – *Guardian* (J. R. Soames)

☐ Mr Ellison asks: 'Should there not be some special recognition of Stanford in B Flat throughout the Anglican Communion in this, its centenary year? With some careful and enthusiastic organisation it should surely be possible for a particular Sunday during the coming autumn to be designated as Stanford in B Flat Sunday.' – *Church Times* (Ian Christie)

☐ A large number of sports players and followers voted for the new government in the hope that sporting relationships the world over would be improved. – *Western Mail* (K. Thomas)

☐ Mayfair may have come down to trade, but not too far down. Crimplene doesn't get a look-in, this is cashmere country. Even the traffic wardens wear silk underwear. – *Guardian* (Mrs K. Auty)

☐ Gentleman in training for holy orders wishes to obtain (now desperately) pedestal desk, old writing box, silver pyx, Oxford church dictionary; also Japanese sword. – Ad. in *Church Times* (B. Pomerance)

☐ 'All customers are important to us,' he said. 'But the first-class customer is paying for comfort, a degree of exclusivity and the ability to work on the train. It can be very annoying to have people clambering over you and poking their elbows in your ear when you are trying to read the *Daily Telegraph*.' – *Daily Telegraph* (Gregory Tesser)

☐ Three assistants at the West Midlands supermarket, June Corbett, 21, Christine Hancock, 23, and Betty McEvoy, 30, all of Wednesbury, face charges of maliciously administering rat poison to their manager, Mr William Underhill, with intent to annoy him. – *Daily Telegraph* (Gregory Tesser)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Arise, Sir IOU

From Chris Mullin

As delegates assemble at Brighton for the Labour Party conference one question above all dominates the thinking of many Party members: How many peerages will this one cost to fix?

Last year the leadership got off lightly with the issue of a barony to Hugh Scanlon following his 'mistake' in casting the AUEW's 850,000 votes against automatic reselection. This year the stakes are higher: they may have to start giving away dukedoms to stem the breach.

I ask myself will there be a Lord Boyd or a Lord Duffy in the years to come? Will a Lord Gormley or Lord Weighell emerge from the shit-heap? Or how about Lord Grantham of Grunwick? These are questions in the forefront of delegates' minds as they make their way to Brighton.

Of course there is one small problem. The tired, compromised men who run our movement no longer have their fingers on the purse strings of patronage. A promise of preferment this year won't carry the same weight as it did last time round. They'll have to start issuing IOUs.

I invite your readers to join me in a little harmless speculation on this burning issue.

206 Brixton Road, London SW9

Jurors and the press

From Peter Gillman

It seems to be widely believed that before the Thorpe case jurors had never been interviewed by the press – your reviewers Peter Chippindale and David Leigh refer again (NS 14 September) to 'ground broken in the NEW STATESMAN' by such interviews. For the record, might I immodestly point out that I interviewed some half-dozen jurors after the Carib Club trials at the Old Bailey in 1975 and 1976? After two trials lasting 109 days and several appeals 12 black youths were acquitted on a variety of affray and assault charges. We felt justified in describing the jury's deliberations in our report (*Sunday Times* 7 March 1976) to help explain why the police case had been overwhelmingly rejected. If anyone is still worried about the possible legal consequences of the Thorpe jury interviews, it might reassure them to know that after the Carib Club article we received not a whisper of judicial complaint.

Insight, Sunday Times, London WC1

Arab clichés

From Susannah Tarbush

It beats me why you bothered to print the copy that Michael Sheridan produced after his trip to Libya to cover the tenth anniversary of Colonel Qadafi's coup (NS 14 September). It's just not good enough any more for journalists to fall back on the clichés that have come to be associated with writing about the Arab states. Some of Michael Sheridan's comments are worthy of the *Daily Telegraph*. He speaks of the 'singularly unpleasant assembly of Middle East potentates and strongmen' who came 'to dance to Qadafi's tune' (this last phrase betrays a complete lack of understanding of Middle East politics and the attitude of various Arab countries to Qadafi). The members of this 'unpleasant assembly' as listed by Sheridan include Syria's President Assad, Algeria's President Shadli, Crown Prince Abdulla of Saudi Arabia (someone hasn't been doing his homework – Fahd is the Crown Prince), and the 'leaders of Gulf States and South Yemen'. In other words, Sheridan damns leaders ranging from the most radical to the most conservative Arab states – is this on political grounds, or was it their faces he didn't like?

The piece adds up to an exercise in journalistic laziness. He has of course to get in the tired old dig about journalists flocking out of Libya to anywhere they could get a drink. Perhaps the Libyans did mishandle the tenth anniversary for journalists – Libya is notorious for its bureaucracy and the obtuseness of some of its officials. Nevertheless, Libya has emerged in the past ten years as a powerful force in the Middle East and Africa and one that has to be taken increasingly into account internationally. The tenth anniversary could have provided opportunity for a serious assessment of how the country has changed since the overthrow of the monarchy, its role in the Middle East, what determines Qadafi's actions and so on.

21 John Street, London WC1

The President's failings

From Dr Allan S. Nanes

I have just had the chance to read your issue of 27 July. I must protest as gratuitous nonsense the statement of Ms Claudia Wright that 'Congress prevents him from distracting everybody by going to war abroad.' This reference to President Carter is, as Ms Wright surely knows, totally inaccurate. Whatever his failings, and I believe they are far fewer than depicted in the American press, President Carter has never displayed any inclination to flex US military muscle abroad. In fact, as again Ms Wright surely knows, he was criticised by the right wing lunatic fringe in this country for 'losing' Iran, and for not intervening to save Somoza in Nicaragua.

I have read your publication for more than 30 years, and I have disagreed with its interpretations of events in the US most of the time. Obviously you are as entitled to your opinion as I am to mine. However from the standpoint of editorial responsibility I should think you would want to avoid the kind of snide and essentially untruthful comment contained in Ms Wright's observation.

Congressional Research Service, The Library of Congress, Washington, DC

Farm tax

From Alister Sutherland

In his lively piece 'The Tories go harvesting' (NS 14 September) Barry Wilson quotes me at length – so extensively indeed that readers of the *Guardian* may have been able to recognise the article as one that appeared there on 26 July, though others might have liked to be given the reference – but in doing so he misquotes me and so is too kind to 'the government'. For he attributes to (which?) government the finding that there is 'considerably greater ability both to pay tax and to avoid tax than the NFU and the agricultural Neddy were able to detect'. That was in fact given in the article not as a government view, but as 'my assessment'.

I hope that anyone else who actually goes behind the handouts of the farm lobby to look at the evidence will share my view that there is a need to make the workings of the capital transfer tax more effective and more equitable, not least by reducing some of the enormous and unlimited loopholes that exist for farmers – and indeed for other large, but unincorporated, businesses. But there is no sign, so far, that the present government is any more likely than the last one to increase the yield of the CTT by making the tax much more progressive in effect – for *all* taxpayers.

Trinity College, Cambridge

Pensions: NALGO speaks

From Geoffrey Drain of NALGO

In the article 'Pensions: the capitalist trap' (NS 7 September) the writers state that NALGO 'have opposed even the modest proposal to direct a proportion of investment'. This is not correct and I think it deplorable that my union has been singled out, erroneously, for adverse comment when in fact we have publicly stated our support for a degree of direction of pension fund investment into UK manufacturing. To quote briefly from our 1976 Economic Review:

> It would be possible for the Government to issue a directive to superannuation funds requiring them to divert, say, 60 per cent of new funds into loans to manufacturing industry. The Government should arrange 'bonding' to guarantee the value and rate of return on such funds.

This position has been reaffirmed on a number of occasions, and, moreover, my National Executive Council submitted comment on these lines to the TUC when the General Council was preparing its evidence to the Wilson Committee on the Functioning of Financial Institutions.

A question of history?

From Christopher Meakin

Along with many others I am delighted to see that Phillip Whitehead has a long political memory and a high political morality. It is a splendid idea to resuscitate the classic fable of Crichel Down, and the salutary lesson of how a Cabinet Minister resigned because of departmental errors.

Noble stuff indeed, especially in an article which begins 'here is a question for anyone taking an O-Level in Applied Whiggery'. Just a minute, though: specially for Phillip Whitehead, here is an A-Level question in political history: 'Name all the Cabinet Ministers who resigned from the Governments of 1964-70 and 1974-79 because of departmental errors'.

Members' Room, Town Hall, London Borough of Southwark

Who's psychic then?

From Una Mackintosh

The bizarre circumstances under which I lately became aware of the Campaign for a Labour Victory have prompted me to write, as I feel there is a lesson to be learned from my experience.

The information arrived in an envelope addressed to my late husband, John Mackintosh, who, until his death in July 1978, had been the Labour MP for Berwick and East Lothian for nearly 12 years.

Opening the envelope, in his unavoidable absence, I came across no less than two copies of the Campaign's publication rosily entitled 'Labour Victory: 1979 – The Year of Decision'. Closer perusal of this document revealed an unmistakeable tinge of social democracy in both its contents and its contributors.

Now, I had always fondly imagined my husband as a social democrat and so, I suppose, I should have rejoiced to see that his spirit still lives among the (somewhat diminished) ranks of the faithful. But reason compels me to the realisation that the fact that his death is forgotten provides the clearest possible evidence of his consignment to oblivion.

While this may be no more than a sobering reminder of the vanity of human wishes, I cannot help reflecting that it also casts the gravest doubt upon the efficiency of the organisation in question. If 'Labour *must* win' is to be more than a pious expression of political hope it might be a good idea for the campaigners to carry out a rough head count of living Labour members of Parliament and eschew inept attempts at psychical communications with the dead.

Nether Liberton House, Old Mill Lane, Gilmerton Road, Edinburgh

Sucker and time-server

From Nicholas Wright

The portrait of Maxim Gorky in my play 'The Gorky Brigade' isn't unfair at all, whatever Benedict Nightingale may think ('– a decrepit sucker and time-server – unfair surely?'), in his review of 14 September.

If Gorky looked decrepit at the age of 60, that's no skin off his nose. Though I don't think there are any signs of decrepitude either in my text or in Paul Curran's fine performance.

As for 'sucker and Stalin-worshipper': this is a factual description of Gorky's public face from the late 1920's until his death. See the reminiscences of those of his colleagues who managed (without his help) to survive those years, or the convincing summary of Gorky's late career in David Caute's book *The Fellow-Travellers*.

35 Leinster Square, London W2

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Fresh air

One must, we are frequently and rightly told, be grateful for small mercies. Small miracles too. My Cousin Madge, then aged a mere 81, and I had once wound up an entrancing motor tour of splendiferous North Wales (we scaled Snowdon by rail, my relative, not caring for vertiginous heights, keeping her eyes tight shut throughout the necessarily slow and chugging ascent and merely moaning from time to time, 'Are we nearly there?') by striking south and putting up for a few days at the charming seaside town of Tenby. Here my cousin had spent much of her happy childhood and, in the virtually unchanged streets, the air rang with joyous reminiscence and cries of 'Oh, look!'. Her infant school, her doctor father's house, the sweet shop, the cobbles on which she had come that first painful purler from her bike – all were comfortingly still present and correct. Very reassuring for an oldster.

On the second day of our stay the weather worsened and a gale blew up. The hotel windows rattled violently and squally rain obliterated the view. To one accustomed to feeding and tending her geese in the worst conditions that the fringes of Dartmoor can provide, this inclemency meant nothing and towards teatime Madge expressed a wish to stroll, before tucking in to the buttered muffins, the Earl Grey and those delicious little Welsh cakes, for a few minutes along the seashore and view the thunderous waves in which, when in calmer mood, she had healthfully splashed as a child. As far as I was concerned, a walk of any sort had not been any part of my afternoon's plan, or indeed of any afternoon ever, but, not wishing to see her go alone, I duly kitted up with her in macintosh and headgear and off we set. At the last moment I was able to persuade her that it was not ideal weather for giving her umbrella an outing. Nor, as it turned out, was it the weather for hats. We had hardly gone, leaning into the wind, a hundred yards along the shore and I was just wondering whether the hotel possessed an airing cupboard and what the effect of sea-water would be on my Marks & Spencer *'coupe normale'* bags, when my cousin's hat was suddenly whipped from her head and blown high in the air and far out to sea. The hat was what I think is called, or used to be, 'a pull-on felt', a medium-brimmed and floppy and fairly lightweight construction in a pleasing apple-green and which I have known for many years (it lives on a peg in her hall and can be popped on in a trice). It was an old friend and we were going to miss it.

But stay, what was this? The hat, as lightly air-borne as any seabird, had, though maintaining its height (sixty feet or so), evidently decided that a life on the ocean wave was not for it and had halted its seaward progress. There it hung for perhaps twenty seconds, performing a few graceful twists and twirls and fouettés, for all the world as though it were Dame Margot herself limbering up for *Giselle*, and then, to our total astonishment, we saw it heading back towards the land. It seemed at first to be making for the hotel roof ('Excuse me but have you a tallish ladder?'), and then to be striking west for the excitements of Pembroke, but finally, arriving above our heads, it descended, like Wendy in the Never-Never-Land, in a series of wide sweeps and finally collapsed exhausted at Madge's feet. The flight must have lasted the best part of a minute, a small miracle. Or a large miracle, perhaps. The chances of gusts of wind of the right force arriving at the precisely right moment and from the exactly right direction must, I suppose, have been about a million to one. Not bad going.

Another and less fortunate experience with this gusty type of wind happened to me in the Sloane Square area of London where, twenty years ago, I was living and almost in the very shadow of Peter Jones itself. I had cashed, at what was then the plain Westminster Bank and before we demeaned ourselves and linked up with that other one, a cheque for five pounds, receiving payment in the form of a fiver which I tucked away, rather hastily as it turned out, in my breast pocket. Emerging and striking north up Sloane Street, bound for the invaluable grocer, Oakshott's, and, probably, fresh supplies of Typhoo and Mazola, I saw a strange sight. An overcoated employee wearing a peaked cap and instantly recognisable as a member of the North Thames Gas Board (one of those who arrive and baldly announce, in Denis Norden's vivid phrase, 'I've come about the smell on your landing') was hurrying in front of me along the pavement in pursuit of a five pound note that was being merrily blown by the wind. Impeded as he was by his bicycle, he was losing the chase and so I hastened helpfully forward, put my foot on the fiver, retrieved it and handed it to him with a courteous '*There* you are!', nearly adding 'my good man'. Looking slightly startled, he hastily pocketed it and, mounting his bicycle, was off even faster than the call of duty demanded. Alas, yes. The fiver that I had handed to him in such a graciously condescending and patronising manner, was my very own, dislodged in some way from my person and propelled by the wind up the street.

Across the Bristol Channel from Tenby lies Ilfracombe on the rugged and rocky North Devon coast, a town famous for its natural sea-water pools and its safe, if icy, bathing. Here my grandparents lived and thither we went for holidays or when Dr Otway, conveniently resident four houses away from us in Castelnau, SW13, prescribed, as was then customary after illness, 'A Change of Air', which is also the title of an excellent book by William A. R. Thomson (A. & C. Black, £5.95) which throws new light on this important subject. How fascinating to discover that London was probably once a sanatorium for malarial cases from low-lying Essex and that Ludgate Hill and the environs of St Paul's were a health resort in which anaemic East Saxons benefited from the dry soil and clean air, much helped by the breezes that blew from the upland slopes of Highgate. Down the ages, various places have, for health purposes, had their champions. A Dr Wittie plumped for Scarborough as early as 1660, while Tobias Smollet favoured the frog Riviera in general (and Lord Brougham chose Cannes in particular, while a Dr Bennet settled for, and in, Menton). And in A.D. 190, the physician Galen recommended to his more 'chesty' patients that they take up residence on the slopes of Vesuvius. One can only assume that he must have flunked that O Level in History.

Royalty and the famous followed suit. Poor potty old George III was packed off by his medical advisers to Weymouth, lucky him, while Queen Caroline had to make do with Southend. 'Butcher' Cumberland sampled the assorted pleasures of Brighton, and George Eliot and Southey both spoke up vigorously for Harrogate ('a fine, dry, elastic air, so different from that of Keswick'). George V, less happily advised, convalesced after his serious illness at Bognor, a somewhat unmusical name to which Regis adds little and which some claim to have been, preceded by a verb, the last word he ever spoke.

Now you'll probably want to know where to go to be climatically braced. Skegness has a lot going for it, together with the Northumbrian coast and the High Peak District of Derbyshire. Some swear by Lowestoft and some by Cromer and others by North Cornwall. And to be relaxed you can hardly beat the Isle of Wight or South Devon (our splendid author has even discovered that Sidmouth, sheltered as it is from most winds, is slightly more relaxing than Budleigh Salterton, the two resorts being all of five miles apart).

The book contains much else on which to feast the mind – Majorca acne (said to be induced by indiscriminate Mediterranean sunbathing), underground trains in San Francisco which set up electric currents in the trees above, the value of bed-socks, and a 13th century stained-glass window in Augsburg Cathedral which shows a rather grumpy-looking saint wearing a primitive solar topi. And in this connection, how extraordinary to find that the late Victorian British army sported no fewer than a dozen different types of tropical 'patent air-chamber hats' and that Lord Roberts misguidedly insisted that, to combat excessive heat and sunstroke, the troops must at all times wear underclothes coloured the brightest possible orange. What the troops had to say is not reported.

Roger Woddis

Bastards

Sir Charles Villiers, chairman of the British Steel Corporation, told his managers to 'be bastards' in rejecting shoddy work.

Speak roughly to the hoi-polloi,
And damn the skills they've mastered;
You'll sweeten those in your employ,
If you can be a bastard.

Rule firmly like a Romanoff,
Or someone just as feudal,
And let them work their bollocks off,
While you are free to doodle.

Be sure the press will take your part,
And slackers stand corrected;
The workers may not give a fart,
But that's to be expected.

Your timely warning will be prized,
Your labour-force will love it,
Though some, a shade less civilised,
May tell you where to shove it.

Press hard upon your iron heel,
Ignore the claims of Cupid,
Nor wonder why the men of steel
Should call you fucking stupid.

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Oxford University Press

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AUTUMN BOOKS

Anthony Arblaster

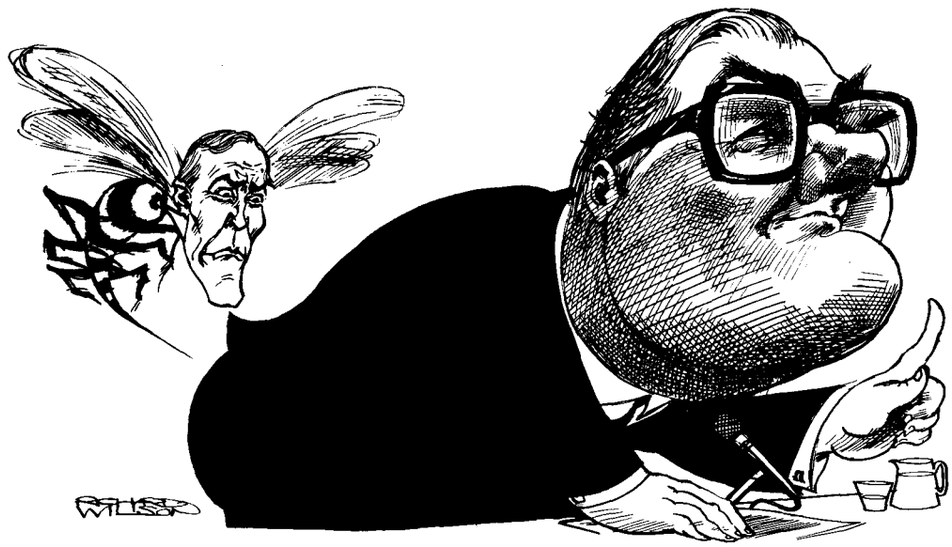
Her Majesty's Opposition

Doctrine and Ethos in the Labour Party by H. M. DRUCKER *Allen & Unwin* £6.50 and £2.95
The Political Economy of the Welfare State by IAN GOUGH *Macmillan* £10 and £4.95
Out of the Ghetto by MIKE PRIOR and DAVE PURDY *Spokesman* £2.50
Socialism without the State by EVAN LUARD *Macmillan* £8.95 and £3.95
Empire to Welfare State, English History 1906-1976 by T. O. LLOYD *Oxford* £11 and £4.95
Post-War Britain, A Political History by ALAN SKED and CHRIS COOK *Penguin* £1.95

Glooming or gloating over the troubles of the Labour Party are perennial sports among political commentators, and never more so than in the wake of a lost election. Nor is Labour itself loath to join in. Twenty years ago, having lost three elections in a row, the Party engaged in an orgy of introspection. The impact of this year's defeat has not been so traumatic as in the past, but it too has produced its crop of dejected commentaries and doleful prophecies – see, for example, Peter Kellner's article in this paper (NS 18 May). Well, this time those who cry 'wolf' may be right – that, after all, was the point of the story. But a party which still collects 11.5 million votes is likely to be with us for a little while yet. So it deserves, and indeed requires, the kind of analytic attention given to it by Dr Drucker in *Doctrine and Ethos in the Labour Party*. Equally the old dinosaur is bound to feature centrally in arguments about a strategy for socialism in Britain, as it does in Mike Prior and Dave Purdy's provocative little book, *Out of the Ghetto*. Inevitably, too, the role and function of Labour and Labourism constitutes a subsidiary theme or undercurrent in Ian Gough's excellent study of the relations between the welfare state and a capitalist economy, *The Political Economy of the Welfare State*.

The title chosen by Henry Drucker is hardly riveting, but it does encapsulate the book's major premise. Drucker argues that when people set out to study the ideology (and often, by implication, the nature) of the Labour Party, they are apt to concentrate on its professed doctrines and aims: what it says, writes, and decides. But to understand the character and dynamics of the Party we need to consider also the assumptions and attitudes which are not often explicitly stated, but are rather embodied and expressed in the Party's traditions, habits and institutions. This is what he terms the 'ethos' of the Party, and he looks, all too briefly, at a number of expressions of it, such as the Party's tightness with money, its addiction to formal rules, and its tenderness towards its leaders – in marked contrast with the Conservatives, who almost invariably dump a leader once he (or she) has lost an election or two.

Drucker is also the author of an intelligent study of ideology, and the two books are quite closely connected. In relation to the Labour Party, he is arguing that we must get beyond the simplistic, and still very popular, notion that equates ideology with explicit doctrines and principles, and disregards the more complex and probably more influential ways in which ideology is embodied, and so perpetuated, in traditions and institutions. Although he starts so well, he does not pursue his basic insights far enough; and it is disappointing that much of this quite short book is actually taken up with a discussion of doctrine rather than ethos, in a lively but less original vein. What does emerge clearly enough is that the ethos of the Labour Party reflects and derives from 'the political experience and expectations of the working class'. This is important, because it helps to explain the remarkable, if now waning, allegiance of the working class to Labour despite the patently anti-working class policies pursued by Labour in office.



Another source of strength for Labour has generally been its identification with the welfare state, despite, on the one hand, the flourishing popular mythology about 'scroungers' travelling to and from the social security offices in taxis (if not Rolls-Royces), and, on the other hand, Labour's own readiness to squeeze the social services at the behest of the IMF. Ian Gough shows how the international capitalist recession of the 1970s has produced an international pattern of cuts in public spending. What is significant for our purposes is that British Labour did not deviate from this pattern. Now that the long post-war boom is well and truly over, we may have also seen the end of 'the golden age of the welfare state', Gough suggests.

This in itself suggests that the phenomenon of welfare is more closely tied up with the fortunes of capitalism than those who see the welfare state as 'a socialist island within a capitalist sea' would want to believe. It is Gough's purpose to explore this relationship. Does the welfare state subvert capitalism from within, or does it, on the contrary, actually serve capitalism by enhancing its stability? His response is to bring out the contradictions and ambiguities within the area of welfare. Welfare can indeed be seen as serving to maintain and re-produce the labour force which capitalism requires. It also serves to mitigate possible causes of discontent, such as, obviously enough, unemployment. The administration of benefits is also strictly subordinated to the principles of the market: the incentive to work must not be undermined, and absurdly disproportionate amounts of money are spent trying to ensure that benefits should not become 'a bounty on indolence and vice' – to use the words, still echoed today, of the 1834 Poor Law Report. Nor is welfare all a matter of benefits. It also involves elements of discipline and control, as Gough reminds us; and he could have reinforced his case here by looking backward at the long, grim history of the poor law and the workhouse.

The social services also sustain consumer demand, since roughly half of all state expenditure consists of transfer payments, that is, the transfer of spending power from one area of the economy to another. Gough provides much useful detail about this, which ought to help scotch the alarmist nonsense, put about not only by Joseph and Thatcher but also by leading social democrats like Roy Jenkins, about (and I quote) 'freedom of choice' and 'the values of a plural society' being threatened because public spending was approaching 60 per cent of the gross national product. It would be interesting to know how or why putting money into the pockets of the old or the unemployed menaces the survival of freedom, let alone capitalism.

In these various ways, then, the welfare services help to sustain a capitalist economy. Yet Gough is also well aware that welfare incorporates many real benefits and rights, for which the working class and the Labour movement have fought and campaigned over many decades. The needs of capital and labour may indeed coincide, at least in the short run. At the same time the priorities of capitalism are exposed in a period of recession like the present, when the less economically useful areas of public spending are ruthlessly pruned, however humanely necessary the services involved may be. Ian Gough's book,

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though awkwardly written at times, and somewhat slow in getting off the ground, is informed by a thorough awareness of the ambiguous and contradictory character of the kind of 'state socialism' which Labour has helped to develop. Nor does he underestimate the significance of the present recession, which calls in question the blithe assumptions about economic growth on which so much social democratic strategy has been based. The same, unfortunately, cannot be said of *Out of the Ghetto*.

The 'ghetto' from which Prior and Purdy urge us to escape is the prison of sectarianism and ineffectiveness supposedly inhabited by the Marxist left in Britain. They urge the left to 'break with its oppositionist mentality and adopt a responsible and constructive approach towards issues policy'. All too familiar rhetoric, I'm afraid. And what it means in concrete terms is accepting that 'the only viable route to socialism in Britain lies through the Labour Party', not to mention incomes policy and planning agreements. The only novelty about their impeccably gradualist arguments is that they are given a certain Marxist gloss, complete with references to Gramsci and the notion of hegemony.

Otherwise their book suffers notably from one of the most typical weaknesses of social democratic thinking, excessive optimism. It is revolutionaries who are usually accused of this, but revolutionaries *are* revolutionaries because they do not underestimate the scale of the opposition they face. Gradualists, by contrast, are always tempted to exaggerate their own achievements and the ease with which further advances can be made. So it is with Prior and Purdy.

They tell us, for example, in terms which recall Crosland's *The Future of Socialism*, that capitalism 'has become socialised to a high degree', that full employment has been one of the permanent achievements of the Labour movement, and that the working class is 'increasingly . . . the dominant social force' in Britain today. Their argument rests heavily on disregarding the Marxist analysis of the state developed by Ralph Miliband, Nicos Poulantzas and others, as well as underplaying the very marked growth in the repressive activities of the state in the 1970s. Above all, they are compelled, by the logic of their approach, to soft-pedal the gravity and the implications of the present prolonged capitalist recession. Like so many other gradualist arguments, theirs hinges on the assumption of capitalist stability and the permanence of certain social democratic advances. But both of those have been called into question by recent history, and this makes their whole argument appear sadly out of date. Labour will need better arguments than this if it is to recover the loyalties of the socialist left.

Such arguments are not to be found, either, in Evan Luard's *Socialism without the State*. The kindest thing I can say about Mr Luard's book is that it is the sort of book that is apt to get written by public men too busy to engage in serious research or sustained reading. It is full of the kind of generalisations about 'modern life' which might just past muster in conversation but should certainly not be allowed to get into print. And what kind of socialist is it who can tell us, with a perfectly straight face, that 'the majority of humans are essentially passive and conservative'?

One might expect that histories of Britain in the 20th century would have light to cast on both the Labour Party and the welfare state. But neither T. O. Lloyd's revised survey, *Empire to Welfare State*, nor Alan Sked and Chris Cook's *Post-War Britain* have much to offer in this respect. The writing of contemporary history is bound to be difficult, and ought to be controversial. But Sked and Cook in particular try to avoid controversy by sticking to a would-be straightforward narrative of events, which too often means history as yesterday's headlines. Their book is usefully informative, though not always accurate – within three pages they manage to misquote both Clause IV and Gaitskell's attack on 'pacifists, neutralists (not 'unilateralists') and fellow-travellers'.

But ultimately the evasion of analysis and interpretation is debilitating, as is the superconfident and slipshod style in which they write. I lost count of how often such phrases as 'the truth was', 'the real reason', 'in fact', appeared – as if what are often complex matters of interpretation could be so easily resolved. Their brief booklist includes many memoirs and biographies, as well as 10 books in which they themselves have been involved; but makes no mention of such important studies of the Labour Party as those by Miliband, David Howell and David Coates, nor of Tom Nairn's remarkable essays on nationalism and the British state. History which ignores sociology and even analysis of any kind ends up as a meaningless jumble of facts – just one damn thing after another.

Anthony Quinton

At Home in the World

The Illusion of Technique by WILLIAM BARRETT *William Kimber* £8.50
The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind by JULIAN JAYNES *Allen Lane* £8.95

William Barrett, for many years professor of philosophy at New York University, is almost Existentialist-in-Residence for the People of the United States. After bringing out a few papers of an analytic type at the end of the Thirties, he published in 1947, through *Partisan Review* of which he was then an editor, a bold and informative pamphlet *What Is Existentialism?* and 11 years later it was developed into *Irrational Man*, a useful, but a little insistently popular, guide to the phenomenon. In that book, if he does not refer to Sartre as 'a feisty little guy', he does adjure the reader not to be fazed by Big Questions, in a style very remote from the uncompromising intellectuality of the original pamphlet. This new book, too, is room service philosophy, presented with the utmost consideration for the presumed limitations of its readers.

Breezy, demotic language remains in evidence. Admitting that Freudian understanding of one's acquaintances does not always induce complete forgiveness, Barrett writes, 'It clears the air sometimes to say of someone that he is a stinker, period'. In praise of William James he observes that he 'has the great power of going for the gut issue in any question'. Intimacy is secured by accounts of how he gave up drinking and of how he crosses himself, in the manner of his childhood, when he goes into the room where he works.

The Illusion of Technique is, mainly, a meditation on the condition of man in the modern world that shows an increasing tendency to turn into an account, with modestly exemplary intentions, of a personal return to a strongly felt, if very nebulous, next best thing to religious faith. The project is carried out in a curious way as a more or less critical exposition of themes in the philosophies of Wittgenstein, Heidegger and William James. At times this seems an odd choice, as if a work of Vaughan Williams had been arranged for an orchestra of surgical instruments.

The account of Wittgenstein is intended to show the inadequacy of logic as a basis for philosophy and of the kind of scientific-technological philosophy it is ordinarily the basis of. Heidegger is introduced to show what has been left out; it turns out to be Being (as distinct from beings), the preoccupation of Heidegger's later, less heroically dramatic work. But Heidegger falls short, by reason of the over-passive and amorally aesthetic attitude which he enjoins on technological man, if the latter, deafened by the machines he has made and enslaved himself to, is to catch the deep sounds of Being within all the din. William James, for whom logic is a humanly put-up job by which we should not be intimidated, rightly calls on us to believe we are free, a decision that in his own case cured him of melancholia. James, although creditably hopeful about the fulfilment of our religious longings, is not enough of a mystic. To overcome alienation, to open ourselves to Being, to make ourselves once more at home in the world, we need to enter into communion with nature, with rocks and trees, almost to follow Pascal and stupefy ourselves with holy water.

Wittgenstein is an odd choice as representative of the kind of science-oriented philosophy Barrett sees as the main enemy. The bulk of his written work falls within the rather circumscribedly cognitive domain of interest of analytic philosophers in this century, but in both its forms it is exceptionally cryptic. What is more it is associated with, and sometimes accompanied by, a lot of self-denigrating matter of a very different kind. Barrett quotes the letter to Engelmann in which Wittgenstein says that what is important is precisely what he has *not* written, that whereof we must remain silent. And he returns several times to the formulation of Heidegger's fundamental problem: 'it is not *how* things are in the world that is mystical, but *that* it exists.'

Analytical philosophers are simply not in the business that interests Barrett, that of articulating a 'philosophy of life', a system of attitudes to the world and man's place in it. Vague and indirect intimations of such a thing can be identified by a kind of recreational hermeneutics, but it will not be simple Com-

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tean optimism. Barrett has to do a fair amount of interpreting of Heidegger to get from his etymological abstractions about Being and about truth as openness to the programme of unreflective nature-mysticism he arrives at, but he has the warrant of Heidegger's later style of life in woodland seclusion and at least it gives some content to the strangely elusive utterances involved.

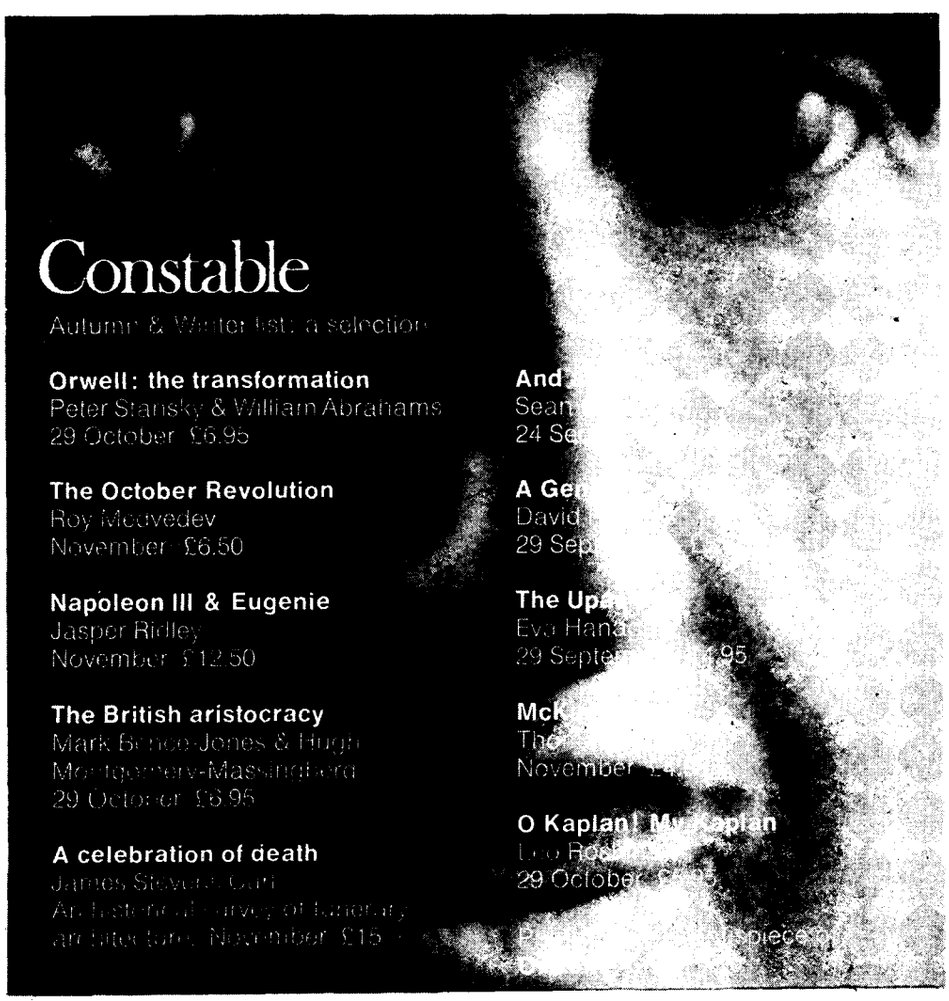
Hovering around the edges of this book is a confessional autobiography and it would certainly have been fresher and more interesting. Barrett is a pleasant writer, for all his anxiety to be accessible, with a wide range of knowledge and interests inside and outside philosophy. But there is something rather listless and unconvincing about the way in which he tries to put all his cultural bits and pieces to the service of a largely conventional message of spiritual consolation.

The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind, Julian Jaynes's snappily-titled book, is bold where Barrett is a little mournful and defeated. It begins persuasively enough, by pointing out how many of our mental functions can be carried out without what Jaynes calls consciousness, but would better be called self-consciousness. We can perceive, think, reason and so forth without being consciously aware that we are doing so. Jaynes's idea is that this reflective awareness of our mental goings-on is a comparatively recent development in human history, largely subsequent to the composition of the *Iliad*.

In earlier times, according to Jaynes, there were two aspects to the mind, one that went about the individual's business of seeing, reacting, handling and so on and another which controlled the first, by whom it was taken to be a god or god-like, through auditory hallucinations or 'voices'. Neurophysiological support for this bicameral hypothesis is found in the well-established division of labour between the right and left hemispheres of the brain, by which (in right-handed people) the left hemisphere is the articulate, language-using part, while the right hemisphere is the more intuitive, pattern-recognising part.

There is a fairly popular neurophysiological version of Barrett's distaste for technological civilisation which affirms that we should liberate the oppressed, 'Eastern', right hemisphere from the scientistic domination of the left. There is an element of that in Jaynes's argument since the right-hand side which, in god-like form, organised us into social groups, developed our linguistic powers and so forth has now been left with nothing much to do, except to serve as a kind of cerebral spare tyre.

Although a bit of nostalgia for the good old bicameral days of the childhood of the species comes out towards the end of the book, Jaynes's main concern is the heaping up of evidence from anthropology, the history of religion, the literature of ancient Near East, the phenomena of hallucination and schizophrenia and so forth to strengthen his case. In an engagingly informal way a great deal of information, in and out of the way, is paraded before us, all at least consistent with, some of it positively in favour of, the bicameral theory. The texture of argument is inevitably loose but only reasonable claims are made for it.



Stephen Koss

Tall Tales

Propaganda in War 1939-1945 by MICHAEL BALFOUR *Routledge* £15

Propaganda was an integral part of both German and British strategies during the second world war. That the results seldom measured up to expectation and occasionally caused acute embarrassment does not detract from the seriousness of the effort on either side. Through a network of expanded and improvised channels, often operating at cross purposes, each belligerent addressed its message to the home population, the enemy, neutral powers, and patriots in the occupied territories, all of whom preyed on every written and spoken word. A totalitarian system, founded on the 'Big Lie' of Aryan supremacy, readily lent itself to devices of artificial dissemination; but parliamentary democracy proved more accommodating and, in the long run, more adept than Neville Chamberlain had supposed when he warned Sir John Reith that the Ministry of Information 'was an exotic which pertained to dictatorship'. In fact, the British and German experiments emerge as strikingly similar, not least in the frustrations of the men who presided over them. If the Nazi devil did not have all the best tunes, it was at least partly because his British adversary did not scruple to play devil's advocate.

A comparison between the two experiences is instructive, not only as a sidelight on the conduct of total warfare, but also as a commentary on the functions imputed to rhetoric. It requires a subtle mind as well as resourceful scholarship to effect this juxtaposition and especially to assess its wider implications. Fortunately, these are the singular qualities which Michael Balfour has brought to bear. His background commends him for the assignment: during the war, he served at the 'MoI', where he first handled 'publicity on the home front', then 'propaganda' directed at the enemy and enemy-held countries. (The publisher's blurb here draws a distinction that the author's text tends to disallow.) But this is no volume of stale reminiscences. Professor Balfour's research in British and German archives, although his method of footnoting is somewhat perplexing, has prompted him to modify many of his previous judgments, which have been subsumed by a rigorous analysis of the evidence. In every respect, this is a stunning achievement.

Quite preposterously, British propaganda was widely regarded in Germany as the Allied weapon that had won the first world war. Discounting the achievements of Crewe House, where the egregious Northcliffe held court, Professor Balfour points out that the British had relied on the derisory technique of wafting leaflets by balloons, which (even as late as November 1918) could not possibly have reached the distant German frontier. Nevertheless, a potent myth was created. 'Propaganda, propaganda, propaganda. All that matters is propaganda,' Hitler reportedly proclaimed during his unsuccessful *putsch* in 1923. A decade later, he was in a position to create a Ministry of People's Enlightenment

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and Propaganda. Goebbels, put in charge, was more inclined than his mentor to proceed cautiously. Always fearful of outreaching his grasp, he sought a press that was 'monoform in will but polyform in the trappings of that will', and he had a hard time filling the airwaves with light music (*schmissige*) after Jewish composers were proscribed.

If only by default, Goebbels qualified as something of a pragmatist: the 'average sensual man' of his own description, who was compelled by party doctrine to ban the showing of his favourite Hollywood films. He jostled with Ribbentrop, Rosenberg, Dietrich, and others for Hitler's attention. His authority, never adequately defined, was easily eroded. Unable to deter the Führer from making outlandish promises ('1941 will bring the completion of the greatest victory of our history'), which the BBC recorded and played back, he owed his wartime propaganda successes to his underlings or, as in the case of the Katyn murders, the enemy. Envious of British techniques, which he thought 'very adroit', he knew that many of his countrymen tuned in to the BBC for their *schmissige* and news bulletins. Certainly he did not presume that the German people were at one with National Socialism, however intense their loyalty to its leader. On this score, he was more realistic than Robert Herzstein, who has recently exaggerated Goebbels's domestic accomplishment as *The War That Hitler Won*.

Goebbels's counterparts in Britain, to whom he appeared as a 'Propaganda Czar', would doubtless have been consoled to learn of his difficulties. 'What would Dr Goebbels have thought of it all?' Reith wondered after his stormy resignation from the 'MoI'. His successor, Alfred Duff Cooper (sometimes disconcertingly called Duff in these pages), found little support from Churchill, who 'knew that propaganda was not going to win the war'; he soon departed to become resident minister at Singapore. Brendan Bracken, next to take command, proved more skilful in manipulating the Prime Minister, with whom he was on intimate terms, and the bureaucratic apparatus. With assistance from Patrick Ryan, he attained the *modus vivendi* with the governors of the BBC that had eluded his predecessors: 'The overall solution was characteristically British, perhaps because two Irishmen had a large hand in it.' Yet Bracken, too, was hard pressed to protect his department against the encroachments of service chiefs, politicians, and allies.

There were, however, certain crucial differences. Churchill, who incidentally exerted a considerable appeal in Germany, was usually accessible to his colleagues and to reason. Admittedly, there was one occasion in 1939 when he beefed up the number of U-boat sinkings; but Hitler habitually added digits to the statistics he recited. To the mystification of the Germans, Churchill was prepared to acknowledge military reverses and differences of opinion. His countrymen, showing 'a greater willingness to face up to reality', expected no less of him.

'The British public', Professor Balfour is able to conclude, 'on the whole believed that they were being told the main truth, on the whole with justification.' At the time, he himself was less sure, and the muddle appalled him. 'What I was failing to realise', he now reflects, 'was that confusion is a by-product of plurality and that in plurality lay a seed of success.'

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David Caute

Late into the World

A Bend in the River by V.S. NAIPAUL *Deutsch* £5.50

Naipaul's theme, once again, is the predicament of the marginal man trapped by lava on the rim of the African volcano. Of Indian origin, Salim's family have lived on the East African coast for more generations than they can remember, trading across the ocean with the lands of their ancestors, oblivious to the vast black continent at their backs. The violent upheaval of de-colonisation robs them of their placid anonymity. 'They see us only when they want to hate us,' wrote Naipaul's brother Shiva in his *North of South*. Noting the warning signs, the prescient Salim buys a store blind and sets out to claim it, hundreds of miles into the interior, at a bend in the great river. Unlike Updike's Kush, this francophone country bears no name, but the proximity of Uganda suggests that we are in an abstract of the Congo. Salim has jumped out of the fat into the fire.

A Bend in the River is Salim's memoir, the story of a natural survivor told with a cool, fastidious distaste worthy of his creator. Although himself no intellectual, Salim lacks none of Naipaul's own mordant wit and trenchant literary gift – increasingly contemporary novelists demand this suspension of disbelief with a casual shrug (in the case of Updike's *The Coup*, with a gargoyle grin). In Salim's case Naipaul has cunningly developed a metaphor for the civilised man's lonely rejection of a violence rooted in ignorance, despair and racial passion.

Salim is a practical man who tackles his new life at the bend in the river with tenacious pessimism. Every day he sits at the desk in his shop, assisted by the half-caste servant who has followed him from the coast, his goods spread out on the floor and the shelves loaded with cheap oil-cloth, batteries and exercise books. Despite the volatile antics of the country's black President, the Big Man, his business gradually picks up. Outside is the town, its repair yards clogged with rusting machinery, its ruined cathedral surrounded by snake-infested undergrowth, its shabby squares ornamented by defaced, statue-less pedestals. Nothing in Naipaul's African novels is false, nothing distorted or evaded.

Disturbances, killings, lootings come and go; at the heart of the 'revolution' is rhetoric, hypocrisy, tribalism, desperation. But is Naipaul's vast, chilling disdain warmed by sympathy or compassion at any point? Not much. The President sends white mercenaries to put down a local uprising. Hearing their gunfire at a distance, Salim finds it 'oddly comforting, like the sound of rain in the night. All that was threatening, in that great unknown outside, was being held in check.'

At one point Salim does offer a clue to the countervailing values by which Naipaul judges this anarchy, and it's very much what one suspected:

> You took a boy out of the bush and you taught him to read and write; you levelled the bush and built a polytechnic and you sent him there. It seemed as easy as that, if you came late to the world and found ready-made those things that other countries and peoples had taken so long to arrive at – writing, printing, universities, book knowledge . . . we were so clogged by what the centuries had deposited in our minds and hearts.

Such sentiments, perhaps less elegantly expressed, are standard fare in the modern white Rhodesian novel. Yet 'other countries and peoples', surely, had also arrived at guns, racism, slave-trading and (if we are discussing the Congo) the grand designs of the Union Minière. Naipaul knows this of course; colonialism is almost as distasteful to him as its chaotic aftermath; but in balancing his moral umbrella he might do well to pay more attention to what he knows.

No one is spared, neither the pathetic Belgian professor Raymond hoping to retain the President's quixotic patronage (a masterly portrait) nor the insanely avaricious multitude of petty black officials, soldiers and policemen reading documents upside down and demanding bribes at every turn. Yet the blacks, even when burning the little Bombays of Africa to the ground and slaughtering their inhabitants, tend to provoke in Naipaul only a contemptuous irritation. What better can be expected of them? By comparison, the behaviour of Indian Indians precipitates a withering scorn – a civilised heritage betrayed? Salim's friend, the Oxbridge-educated Indar (the most subtly conceived character in the novel) applies for a job at the Indian High Commission in London and is confronted by a minor official across a bare desk:

> . . . it was easy for me to imagine him in a dhoti reclining against a bolster in a cloth shop in a bazaar lane, with his feet bare, and his fingers massaging his toes, rubbing off the dead skin. He was the kind of man who would say, 'Shirtings? You want shirtings?' and, barely moving his back from the bolster, would throw a bolt of cloth across the sheet spread on the floor of his stall.

Following a six-week visit to London, during which Salim observes the Arabs of the Gloucester Road with disdain, he returns to the bend in the river and discovers that his precious store has been nationalised (or 'radicalised') by the Big Man. Working now as store manager for an idle, incompetent and increasingly aggressive (of course) African proprietor, Salim sets himself to export as much capital as possible in the time left to him by dealing in ivory and gold. Everyone cheats everyone. A great panic is again seeping out of the pores of Africa: 'There was this feeling of everything running down fast, of a great chaos coming.'

Any Naipaul novel is a cut above the average, yet *A Bend in the River* lacks the exquisite form and painfully concentrated focus of *In a Free State*. Despite sharply drawn and often affecting minor portraits, the narrative is allowed at times to extend into a shape which more resembles an essay than a work of dramatic tension. The drifting narrative almost shrugs off the periodic crises with deliberate understatement: a plausible way of coping with Africa, perhaps, but a less than total commitment of one of the finest and most consistently rewarding talents in the modern novel.

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Denys Blakeway

Balance of Fear

The Ethics of War by BARRIE PASKINS and MICHAEL DOCKRILL *Duckworth* £18
Restraints on War edited by Michael Howard *Oxford* £6.50
How Wars Begin by A.J.P. TAYLOR *Hamish Hamilton* £6.95

On the 6th of August this year a lonely band of CND supporters, their cause largely ignored, their organisation diminished, their comrades of the Fifties departed, met to commemorate the anniversary of Hiroshima by the Japanese cherry tree in Tavistock Square. As the stockpiles of nuclear weapons have relentlessly increased so the CND campaign has fallen away, leaving the policy of deterrence to exist in a moral and intellectual vacuum. Barrie Paskins and Michael Dockrill, philosopher and historian, seek, in *The Ethics of War*, to reawaken awareness of the unacceptability of deterrence, invoking a synthesis of Humean and Kantian theory. Humean in the sense that one should hold good wishes to all men; Kantian in that humanity must always be treated as an end and never as a means. Morality inheres in intention as well as action; deterrence operates on the conditional intention to destroy millions of civilians. In treating humanity as an end the Kantian cannot accept the destruction of humans as a means to peace however valuable that peace may be.

Paskins and Dockrill do not concentrate on the morality of deterrence alone in this very large work. They also examine the ethics of saturation bombing, pacifism, the Nuremburg war trials, terrorism and the tradition of just war. The allied bombing campaign of the last war is rejected in a tour de force of moral analysis as criminal (though with some questionable mitigatory clauses), the judgments at Nuremburg upheld and pacifism – both individual and state – proposed. The authors justify certain discriminatory forms of terrorism as the actions of divided political men fighting a war of evasion within the tradition of the just war: something which is likely to have caused the British some embarrassment at the Geneva Convention this year (though to Paskins and Dockrill the IRA are not fighting a just war – their acts of indiscriminate terror ended any such thoughts a long time ago). What this large book may lack in feeling, in its clinical observations of the horrors of the century, it makes up for in its quality of perception.

Restraints on War, a series of lectures edited by Michael Howard, Chichele Professor of the History of War at Oxford, does not entertain lengthy moral analysis of deterrence yet shares with Paskins and Dockrill abhorrence of deterrence in its present form. Professor Howard, in his introductory lecture '*Temperamenta Belli*: Can War be Controlled?' states forthrightly, 'Both on moral and on prudential grounds . . . it has seemed increasingly clear, as the 20th century has pursued its course, that war should not simply be limited; it should be abolished, outlawed.' His reasons

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for this are also similar to Paskins and Dockrill's: 'In a grotesque inversion of logic the means now dictate the ends.' It is on the results of the means-ends revolution that many of the contributors concentrate in this stimulating series of lectures. They do not posit pacifism as an alternative to deterrence; it does not enter their field. Rather they concentrate on the problems of limiting war, both nuclear and 'conventional'.

The problems are enormous. One of the absurdities of deterrence is that it is merely theory: a gothic superstructure of hypotheses piled one on the other. Thus both John C. Garnett in 'Limited "Conventional" War in the Nuclear Age' and Laurence Martin in 'Limited Nuclear War' put forward and withdraw argument after argument and possibility after possibility. Garnett is very convincing in his argument that limited 'conventional' wars, often fought by proxy between the superpowers, have remained controlled by the threat of nuclear holocaust. The combatants in Korea, Algeria, Vietnam and Angola were all limited in their political and thus military objectives by the threat of uncontrolled escalation.

It is estimated that a tactical nuclear conflict in Europe would cause 1.3 million fatalities and leave much of West Germany uninhabitable for decades. A recent study in the US concludes that a small-scale strike on industrial facilities on the eastern seaboard would result in five million casualties. Would the United States seek its own destruction by protecting Europe from limited strikes with the use of strategic weapons? It seems unlikely; everything, especially since the Salt II agreement, now points to the 'decoupling' of America's strategic nuclear forces from the defence of Europe. For this reason Martin argues for the maintenance and improvement of a viable independent strategic deterrent within Europe, or at least the preservation of strategic ties with the US.

A.J.P. Taylor's *How Wars Begin* is an illuminating series of lectures delivered off the cuff to BBC viewers. It has none of the depth of insight of Professor Howard's lectures nor the moral perception of Paskins and Dockrill, but shares much of their pessimism about deterrence. His final and most gloomy statement is this: '. . . there will be a third world war. One day the deterrent will fail to deter.'

I do wish, though, that Mr Taylor would not make so many bald statements and would refrain from some of his more unctuous asides.

Among this week's contributors:

FELLO ATKINSON is a member of the architectural firm of James Cubitt Fello Atkinson & Partners.

ANTHONY ARBLASTER is a Lecturer in Politics at Sheffield University and has contributed to the Socialist Register.

SAM RAMSAMY was national coach of the non-racial South African Amateur Swimming Federation. He has lived in Britain since 1972 and is now chairman of the South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee.

STEPHEN KOSS is Professor of History at Columbia University and author of *Nonconformity in Modern British Politics* and *Asquith*.

ANTHONY QUINTON is the President of Trinity College, Oxford. His latest book is *The Politics of Imperfection*.

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Sean Hignett

Narrow Gauge

The Old Patagonian Express by PAUL THEROUX *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95

'When I was in Patagonia,' Commander Campbell used to begin on the BBC's wartime *Brains Trust.* The upstaging introduction rapidly became a catch-phrase. That Patagonia should any more exist than Ruritania didn't seem likely, preoccupied as we were with playing noughts and crosses on the bare brick wall of the backyard air-raid shelter. But Paul Theroux has been there, not that he devotes much time to the Great Plateau of southern Argentina:

> The journey, not the arrival matters. I decided to experiment by making my way to travel book country, as far south as the trains run from Medford, Massachusetts; to end my book where travel books begin.

He sticks, by and large, to that narrow gauge, ignoring or refusing to describe what might seem to a lesser traveller, a mere tourist, worth a detour. ' "You should go to the market at Chichicastenango, that's what everyone does." And that's why I don't want to do it, I thought.' Climbing to Machu Picchu, the Inca capital of the Andes, 'it was not until the last step that the whole city was revealed . . . for once the tourists were silent.' So too is Paul Theroux, ending tantalisingly right there.

He had set off from his north Boston suburb on a freezing morning in 1978, slapping his pocket to make sure his ballpoint and passport were safe. The very casualness is deceiving. No aspirin, travellers' cheques, credit card? Just pat the biro and off – pardon me, boy, is that the Patagonia Choo-Choo? Along the line, lectures sprout, writers' unions blossom and cocktail parties evolve anywhere big enough to boast a US Cultural Attache. In El Salvador: 'I had given a lecture, I had a day in hand.' Secretly, one suspects, the Cape Cod Scrivener had a schedule after all, a larger version of the packaged tourist's hotel notice-board.

Not far across Massachusetts, Pittsfield or the Berkshires, an old man peers from the window of the Lake Shore Limited. 'Like the Trans-Siberian,' he says, attempting a pleasantry. 'No, it's not,' snaps Theroux, moving to the bar. He lights his pipe. The smoke hangs in clouds 'so comforting and thick that the girl opposite seemed lost in a fog . . . "You mind not smoking?" I looked for a *No Smoking* sign. There was none.' The girl is vegetarian, macrobiotic, into Buddhism. I would shut up and sit somewhere else. But Paul Theroux swigs his beer, tells her peanuts cause cancer and lectures her.

> Afterwards she seemed to me profoundly loony. And profoundly incurious. I had casually mentioned to her that I had been to Upper Burma and Africa. I had shown a knowledge of Buddhism and the eating habits of Bushmen in the Kalahari and Gandhi's early married life. I was a fairly interesting person, was I not? But not once had

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she asked me what I did, where I had come from or where I was going . . . she was an example of total self-absorption and desperate self-advertisement. She had mistaken egotism for Buddhism.

Tongue in cheek? I fear not. Hardly across the state line, the tone of the book has been set. The railroads may vary between bad and worse but the fellow-travellers are almost all a strictly stereotyped hell on wheels. Europeans and North Americans are either 'tourists' or 'freebooters'.

The tourists, paying their way, seeing the sights, are despised even when saving Theroux from a night on the streets in a 'No Vacancies' town; are ignorant even when they know that Theroux's 'pretty wildflower' is morning glory. Bert is a tourist with a camera. ' "That's the new Canon." It was an oblique piece of bragging.' But Theroux is not a tourist. 'Bert said, "What a terrific pair of shoes!" "Leak-proof," I said.' In Guatemala City, he tours the bars. 'Hoping to meet Guatemalans with lively stories, I was surrounded by disappointed tourists.' Disappointed, perhaps, at hoping for lively Guatemalans and meeting only travel writers who've grown droopy moustaches to pass as South Americans and, when that fails, pretend they're geography teachers.

'Freebooters' or 'skinflints' travel second class, count their pesos, haggle like locals, won't stand for pickpockets and are equally despised. Paul Theroux is not a freebooter. He simply beats the taxi driver down $10 on principle. Spanish Americans are tolerated. ' *"Don't criticise them – they hate to be criticised"* – "Bolivia's a wonderful country," I said.' Alone in the subcontinent, the Indians, who have little choice but to travel by train, escape the dark-glassed lash. Their poverty produces a kind of caring, colour-supplement deep. But they rarely respond.

> At Coatepeque I said to a man, 'It's cold here. Is it always this cold?' 'Sometimes,' he said. He walked away. At Saint Lucia I asked a man how far he had come. He said Mazatenango. 'Do you live at Mazatenango?' 'No.' When the train moved, he changed his seat.

'Surly', notes Theroux. Perhaps. But maybe they were asking themselves what a drip-dried gringo in leak-proof shoes, who knows the price of a cup of coffee from here to Hyannis, is doing on a two-dollar train in Guatemala.

Towards the end of the line, armed with a free rail pass from the general who looks after trains for the junta, Theroux meets Borges. For the first time a sense of humaneness comes through. The old man's blindness allows Theroux to write throughout their encounters and the resulting chapter almost makes the journey from Boston to Buenos Aires with Theroux worthwhile. That and the occasional day when he rises from his sleeper on the right side and sees some good in his fellow men, some excitement in the vista. But he's hard company to keep. Early on, between Queretaro, where they hawk opals in the streets, and Mexico City, which Theroux has seen before and from which he flees as soon as he arrives on the overnight sleeper to Veracruz – '*El Jarocho*: the word means a rude person' – Theroux assesses an earlier traveller, the American Ambrose Bierce: '. . . sometimes funny, but more often he misses the mark, forces the point and ends up sounding strained and pompous.' Well, now, when I was in Patagonia . . .

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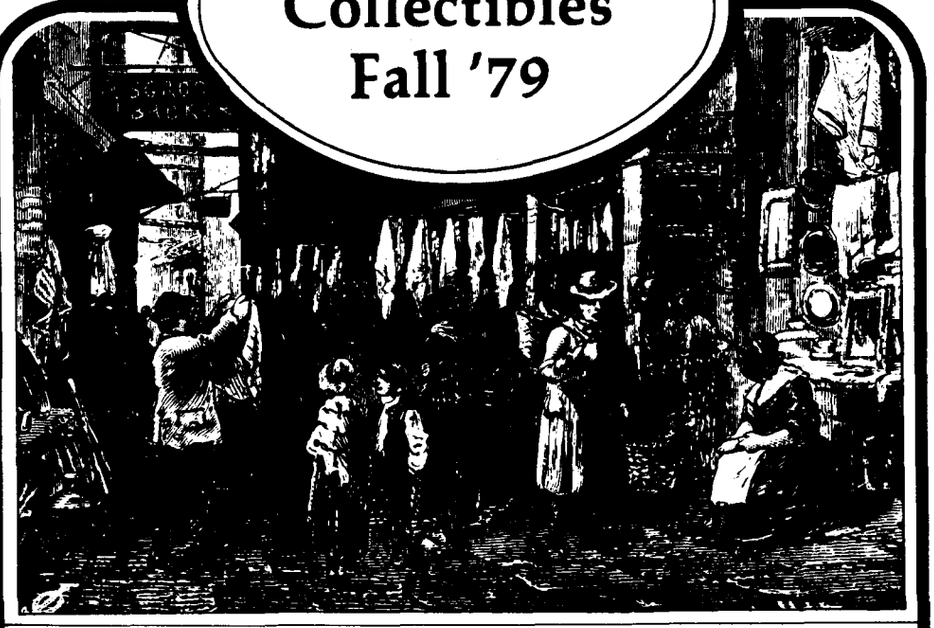

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JOHN DEAN

A sick book about a sick man by a sick artist.
Dr. H.S. THOMPSON

I am only qualified to comment on Ralph Steadman's work as a draftsman. It is brilliant. As for the rest it is a Jung-pile.
DAVID LEVINE

Fello Atkinson

The Master Builder

An Autobiography by FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT *Quartet* £10
The Decorative Designs of Frank Lloyd Wright by DAVID A. HANKS *Studio Vista* £5.95

It is 20 years since Frank Lloyd Wright died and a spate of new books has appeared. Besides being a great architect – possibly the greatest of our era – who more than any man except perhaps Picasso has transformed our visual perception, he was a Nietzschean hero figure striding across the American scene in the period of its manifest destiny, at once rebel and representative whose success marched with its prosperity and who literally went into the wilderness during the Depression.

Born in Wisconsin of Welsh pioneer farming stock, he was the first American architect to have neither the need nor the desire to visit Europe until at the end of the first highly successful phase of his long career. His early clients were progressive well-to-do mid-Westerners then making Chicago the industrial centre of America. He gave them houses measured to their needs: spacious but not large, luxurious but not extravagant, made comfortable by the latest technical innovations without the aid of armies of servants, and set in parks within motoring distance of the business centres.

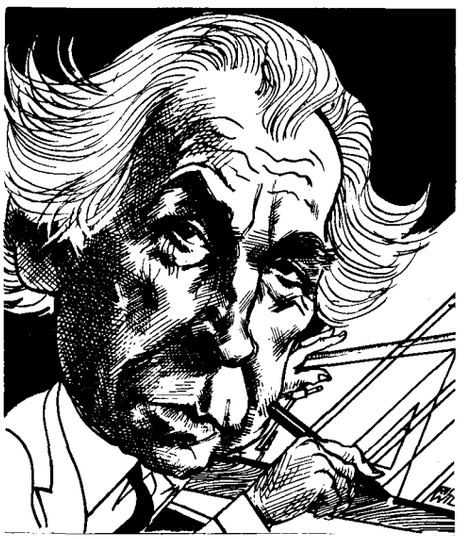
Yet at 40, leaving a young family, he dropped all and fled to Europe with a client's wife. One senses that the claustrophobic prosperity of Oak Park had much to do with this dash for freedom. For a quarter of a century his career was to be stormy, desperate and even tragic until in his late sixties, as America recovered from the Depression, he too recovered to create the half dozen or so major buildings – not in terms of size but importance – for which he is most famous. From then until his death he basked in public esteem.

Much of his career is part of 20th-century mythology and has been told by writers like Alexander Woolcott – disaster when his mistress, her children and others were slain by a mad incendiary butler as they fled from burning Taliesin I; world fame when the Imperial Hotel survived the 1923 Tokyo earthquake to be a refuge for hundreds; humiliation later, with prison and bankruptcy. It is all told here by Wright with gritty honesty.

Wright began his autobiography when times were bad. He published it in 1932 and brought it up to date in 1943. It was printed in the same handsome format as other Wrightiana by Duell Sloane & Pearce with thick matt creamy paper and wide margins and was illustrated with only one, full page, photograph of the Master surrounded by his apprentices in the Spring Green drafting room. This new 'final definitive edition' emanates from the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation and is from a corrected manuscript. Unlike earlier editions it is dedicated in Wright's hand to his widow. It is also on thin paper in more popular form with over 80 illustrations including five of Mrs Wright and photographs of buildings done by the office after his death but, oddly, without the photograph in the earlier edition. In content it adds nothing to the 1943 (five-book) edition except a short sixth book – a rambling monologue on the nature of politics and economics.

The earljer edition ended with Wright's visit to the USSR in 1937. Wright was given the full treatment and, hugely flattered and possibly hoping for a commission (a Russian Broadacre City?), repaid in his expansive way with lavish and much publicised praise. But on his return to America he had slight second thoughts which he published and there was a somewhat confused correspondence with the local communist party in the Madison *Capital Times*.

He was in fact an old-fashioned populist whose politics took the form of agrarian isolationism with a touch of social credit thrown in. He hated Lincoln for destroying States Rights and imposing industrialism on the South – ironically the very things he was, unwittingly, praising Stalin for doing in Russia.



But if one compares the earlier version with the new, one discovers countless changes to the text; they are small beer for the most part, but the result is to vitiate Wright's original pithy Whitmanesque style. So one must conclude that this final version was altered again after Wright's death and not for the better.

Wright's architecture, like his radical politics, was rooted in the 19th century, particularly with regard to decoration. His view that every surface should be ornamented set him apart from the mainstream of modern architecture between the wars, and it is this aspect of his work which is now receiving increasing attention as a revival of interest in ornament sets in. He did, however, reject the Luddism of Morris and the Arts and Crafts movement, seeing in the machine – and Chicago in the 1900s had the most advanced woodworking and stonecutting machinery in the world – a substitute for handcraftsmanship and therefore a salvation. He saw clearly that such ornament should not be a simulacrum of handmade ornament but true to its own production processes.

Between 1890 and 1910, virtually single handed, he recreated the grammar of ornament in these terms. 'Only now', as Professor Scully writes in his introduction to the *Decorative Designs of Frank Lloyd Wright*, 'do we begin to grasp the depth and scope of Wright's achievement, not only its formal virtuosity but

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in the completeness of its intellectual structure . . .' The inspiration for this owed much to the abstract Froebel blocks of Wright's childhood, much also, to Japanese and Amerindian art, but little to Europe – except perhaps indirectly to the English house seen in the journals and to his contemporary C. R. Mackintosh through the pages of the *Studio* magazine. In the end Wright's ornament reflects his building forms and vice-versa: form and ornament become integrated in what Wright termed an organic architecture. Often he designed everything down to the rugs and door fittings; in Mrs Coonley's case even her dresses to harmonise with the interiors. These houses continue to astonish with their originality and virtuosity and will become a great quarry as designers grapple with the desire to restore ornament to its traditional place in architecture.

David Hanks's study is not only a major original account of this aspect of Wright's work but one of the half dozen or so most important books so far on Wright. It is superbly illustrated and very reasonably priced.

Deputy Literary Editor
New Statesman

Julian Barnes will be taking up a post with the *Sunday Times*, but will continue to write his television column for the NS. Applicants for the post of Deputy Literary Editor should write to the Literary Editor by 8 October describing their qualifications, their particular interests, and previous positions they have held.

Steven Rose

Bad Apple, Bad Barrel

Cyril Burt, Psychologist by L. S. HEARNSHAW
Hodder & Stoughton £8.95
IQ, Heritability and Racism by J. M. LAWLER
Lawrence & Wishart £2.95

The biography of an educational psychologist, even one who was for many years a professor at London University, and was knighted, would not normally count as a matter of public interest. But when the psychologist concerned has been, especially since his death, the subject of so much controversy as Cyril Burt, the 'official' biography is bound to cause a stir. Even if the controversy were kept within the scientific 'community', the biggest scientific scandal since the Piltdown hoax could not be suppressed. As it is Cyril Burt's research methods and apparent results over many years formed the cornerstone not merely of factorial methods in psychometry but of the claims that genetic factors were largely responsible for differences in intelligence between individuals, classes and racial groups.

Regarded as a dead issue, scientifically and politically, during the years since 1945, when egalitarian and environmentalist philosophies dominated educational theory, the claim that differences in school performance and IQ, between working class and middle class, blacks and whites, Irish and English, are basically hereditary was resurrected in the late 60s and early 70s by Eysenck in Britain and Jensen in the United States. Both had been students and avowed admirers of Burt (actually the intellectual lineage goes back through Burt and Karl Pearson to the founder of eugenics and biometrical methods, Francis Galton, Darwin's cousin).

Burt himself had been apparently collecting data which pointed in this direction during his surveys of London school children in the inter-war years and claimed to be continuing to add to the evidence during the 1940s and 1950s, using it to contribute to the arguments of the Black Paper theorists of selective education. The political significance of the re-emergence of scientific racism in the aftermath of the failure of Lyndon Johnson's great Society programme and of such educational offshoots as Project Headstart in the US is clear. Inner city riots were developing among the permanent pool of black unemployed. The message for a Britain rediscovering, at the end of its Sixties boom, its own deeply embedded ex-imperial racism, was obvious. It is the essentially ideological nature of their claims that has made the psychometric tradition and

The British Police
Edited by Simon Holdaway

This book is about the police in society – their traditional position of impartiality within a class structure to which they belong, their public image, their internal organisation and the actual content of their work, with its crime fighting and service aspects. The fundamental question posed by this book is: who controls the police? While the law itself is a powerful constraint, it also allows the police some freedom of action and, as the authors reveal, it is the lower ranks of the police who define their own rules of 'proper policing' and the senior officers who have to control them and sustain an image of competence, legality and accountability.

The police are a central institution of social control in Britain but have remained largely unresearched by sociologists. This collection of specially commissioned essays presents the most recent findings and is the first book to analyse the police in depth and from a wide variety of perspectives.

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Social Work, Welfare and the State
Edited by Noel Parry, Michael Rustin and Carole Satyamurti

This volume of specially commissioned essays shows how the state mediates and conditions the relationship between social workers and clients and controls the role of the former in contemporary society. The authors deal with the essential contradiction that the state both employs social workers and incorporates interests which act to cause the problems social workers contend with. The book provides a very elementary theoretical account of the development and current function of the state, with emphasis on the relevance of such theory to the practical experience of social workers.

☐ Paper £3.95 Publication October

Edward Arnold
41 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3DQ

Bureaucracy
The Career of a Concept
Edited by Eugene Kamenka and Martin Krygier

The concept of bureaucracy occupies, for many, a central place in modern social theory and in the radical critique of contemporary society. The contributors to this volume trace the rise of that concept and its role in social theory, especially of a Marxist and radical kind, from the late eighteenth century to the present.

They consider the work of Saint-Simon, Karl Marx and Max Weber, Lenin and Trotsky's analysis of Stalin's Russia, Burnham and the New Class Theorists. The volume ends with an appraisal of the usefulness of the concept of bureaucracy in both social science and social theory and of its compatibility with the Marxian view.

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Intellectuals and Revolution
Socialism and the Experience of 1848
Edited by Eugene Kamenka and F. B. Smith

The essays in this volume focus on the revolutions of 1848; it was on behalf of those revolutions and in the course of them that Marx and Engels worked out the tactics and strategy that became the legacy of communist revolutionary movements everywhere. It was also in 1848 that the middle classes and the proletariat recognised each other as historic forces: the contributors to this book seek to explain the role intellectuals of various nationalities played both in fomenting revolution and in analysing its consequences.

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Justice
Edited by Eugene Kamenka and Alice Erh-Soon Tay

The idea of justice is perennial and the great classical definitions of it, by Plato and Aristotle and even Confucius and Lao-Tse, are as relevant to us today as when they were first formulated. In the second half of the twentieth century, justice is still the subject of a fundamental debate, one which centres on the tensions between liberty, justice and equality, between formal justice and social justice, between legal impartiality and benevolent discrimination.

In this volume, leading social and legal philosophers examine the meaning of justice and the difficulties associated with the search for justice.

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scientific racism so impervious to scientific refutation, although the refutations have indeed been there, at all levels from the empirical to the theoretical. Charlatans or scientific incompetents can still be paraded by the media as 'new Galileos' whose work is impeded by their critics just because they do not like its conclusions. Yet this is not the main point for the scientific opponents of the IQ mythology; rather, it is the scientific inadequacy of the myth makers.

The Burt case illustrates these themes well. L. S. Hearnshaw, himself an emeritus professor of psychology, was asked to write the official biography shortly after Burt's death in 1971, before the clouds of suspicion had really begun to gather. Not long afterwards, the American psychologist Leon Kamin, first in a widely circulated paper, and then in a book, *The Science and Politics of IQ* (Penguin 1976) began to point to serious discrepancies in some of Burt's most important data, the study of the IQ scores of identical twins reared apart. Kamin concluded that the data had been doctored to such an extent as to make them fit Burt's hereditarian views, but to be scientifically worthless. Jensen himself was soon forced to the same conclusion, lamely ending by defending Burt as a methodological pioneer whatever the empirical findings. Eysenck held out longer, and it was not until Oliver Gillie in Britain extended Kamin's critique by casting doubt on the very existence of the colleagues with whom Burt claimed to have worked, and finally of the twins themselves, that Eysenck ceased his defence. (Ironically, Hearnshaw catalogues Burt's suspicions of Eysenck and his attempts to block his success as a rising star who might challenge Burt's pre-eminence.)

As Hearnshaw worked on his biography, he was forced inexorably to the same conclusion as Kamin, though he makes little effort to extend it, and it was left to others in yet another reanalysis, too late for Hearnshaw to take on board, to demonstrate that Burt's correlations of parent-child IQs, and of both with parental occupation (the cleverer your dad, the better job he will have and the cleverer you will be), were spurious.

Orthodox psychometry will now doubtless cast Burt out, thereby purging itself, yet at the same time protecting its fundamental position. As with the bad apple thesis for the police, the scientific establishment is merciless to those who have unequivocally been caught cheating. Hearnshaw is charitable. Seeking to explain Burt's failings, he looks for essentially clinical indicators. Burt became jealous of his own priority over his teachers, co-workers and students in the 1940s when signs of a 'psychosomatic' disease, Ménière's, became apparent. Psychiatry will explain the psychologist's fallibility, but the great psychometric institution will remain unscathed. Is it only *de mortuis* that psychologists will blow the gaff? There are certainly living inheritors of the psychometric tradition (as others) whose work would benefit from such scrutiny, as Leon Kamin, in his Presidential address to the US Eastern Psychological Association, has recently pointed out. The most important question is not why a *particular* individual cheated, but why it was *possible* for him to cheat and why there was so much resistance to his exposure. The issues here are two; the theoretical as well as the empirical weakness of Burt's and related work makes nonsense of psychometry's (and particularly biometrical pyschometry's) claims to scientific status. The professionals didn't like that. More importantly, the IQ and related biologistic mythologies are powerful ideological weapons in the maintenance of a social order based on the elision of class and educational opportunity.

The irony, as Lewontin in the United States and Richardson and I in Britain, among many others, have pointed out, is that it actually wouldn't matter much if Burt's figures hadn't been doctored; the theoretical models and statistical manipulations with which they are surrounded are themselves so flawed that no empirical data collection can begin to answer the question of how much do genes, how much does environment, contribute to differences in intelligence between class and race groups. Hearnshaw carefully skirts around these questions, as he does the broader social issues, confining himself to a useful and workmanlike job of reviewing Burt's life work and evaluating the controversy about the data.

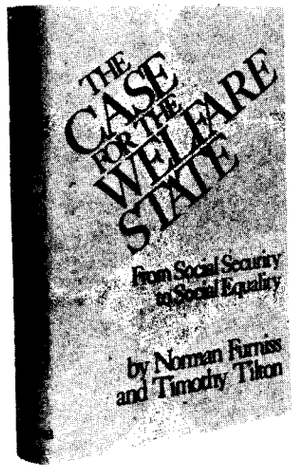
Lawler's task in *IQ, Heritability and Racism* is much broader. He is concerned with the political framework of the 'debate' and its implications. An American, writing within one branch of the Marxist tradition, he subjects the hereditarian postulate to both scientific and philosophical analysis. His critique is well written and accessible, but I do not feel that the book goes much beyond Kamin or Brian Simon's work in Britain. There is still a task ahead in the developing of a Marxist theory of the growth of scientific knowledge, and of the dialectical relationships between the biology of the individual and the social order, that Lawler leaves untouched. But that's another story.

The Case for the Welfare State

From Social Security to Social Equality

By Norman Furniss and Timothy Tilton

In a comparative analysis of welfare provision in Sweden, Britain, and the United States, the social welfare state is presented as the form of government that best promotes equality, freedom, and economic efficiency.



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Andrew Motion

Time Trouble

The Twyborn Affair by PATRICK WHITE *Cape* £5.95

And Again? by SEAN O'FAOLAIN *Constable* £5.95

Chog by QUENTIN CRISP *Eyre Methuen* £4.95

Patrick White is remorseless. In novel after novel he drives his characters to the edge of breakdown, then examines their intellectual and physical condition with inspired fascination. *The Twyborn Affair* is no exception: its three parts represent stages in a search for identity which requires that pain and painstaking analysis should be endured in roughly equal proportions. Although the settings are more domestic than he usually gives – in *Voss* or *The Vivisector*, for instance – they provide the framework for no less harrowing a pilgrimage.

The name and nature of the pilgrim are in doubt from the outset. To start with she is Eudoxia Vatatzes, the mistress of a Byzantine exile living near St Mayeul in the spring of 1914. The reclusive obscurity of her existence is compounded by the fact that the few appearances she does make are reported by an incurably romantic and lascivious Australian tourist, Mrs Golson. Even the most unspectacular kiss is transformed by prurient flights of fancy: 'the young woman leaned towards the cadaverous man, seeming to rise above him, plunging her mouth into his, dashing her lips back and forth . . .' Not surprisingly, the voyeurism which makes such distortions possible also hinders friendship; but there is another, darker reason for discouraging it as well.

This becomes fully apparent only in the book's second section when, with Vatatzes dead and the first world war over, Eudoxia reappears on a ship travelling to Australia as Eddie Twyborn. Having failed to find happiness as a woman, she/he now tries as a man – with much the same result. The rigours of sheep farming, an affair with the boss's wife, and something less than an affair with the farm manager, leave him as confused and disappointed as did the carnation dresses and unkempt splendour of his former life.

Up to this point, the book is as good as White's best. While it broods on the hero's or heroine's inadequate sense of selfhood, its language is constantly intelligent and finely detailed. In the final section, however, the same theme is given more sensational treatment. 'Eudoxia's' new career explains this: living in Chelsea as Mrs Eadith Trist, a 'whore mistress', she acquires a glamour to match the society in which she moves.

Her brothel is owned by a peer, becomes the centre of a cult, and is the haunt of celebrities. White is clearly suggesting that she has answered the question of identity by manufacturing a deliberately fantastic appearance. But her resolution to take refuge in superficialities does not quite justify his decision to follow suit, and introduce such characters as

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Cecily Snape, who 'had been forced to leave the country for a while after an affair with an entire negro band ending in the death of a drummer and exposure of a drug ring.' Although White reverts to his original grave tone in the closing pages, its temporary banishment has been too debilitating, and the element of farce too potent, for him to recover his characteristic strengths.

The hero of Sean O'Faolain's new novel is also anxious to find a social role which suits his authentic self. But where Eddie Twyborn is born twice in the attempt, Robert Younger doesn't die – or at least he reaches the age of 65 and is then invited by 'Our Celestial Divinities' to live backwards until he enters 'the womb of Time' again. Two conditions govern this return trip: that he should forget all but a few details of his first existence, and that its challenges should be reproduced in kind rather than precise detail. The point, O'Faolain and the Divinities insist, is to discover 'whether what you humans call Experience teaches you a damned thing'.

Given the silliness of its plot, *And Again?* manages to be remarkably serious and sympathetic. When O'Faolain deals with the process of 'younging' he involves himself in rather feeble absurdities, but he wisely prefers to concentrate on his hero's effort to reconstruct his past. A few clues quickly lead him to the arms of Ana ffrench – with whom he discovers he's been having an affair for 20 years – and so to the heart of the book. Its main concern is with the domination of love by time. Hence the supernatural elements, which add a special poignancy: while Younger lives up to his name Ana dies, has her place taken by her daughter Anador, and is finally usurped by her grand-daughter Nana. And it is Nana who forces him to draw his final conclusion. Just before passing from infancy to invisibility, he claims that their mutual affection has solved the riddle 'what was it that made me like this':

> we are not only divided in our minds but honeycombed, and . . . each of us is nevertheless accountable to some immutable indivisibility. I know now for certain to what and to whom that points. To some inner principle in me since my mothering childhood, and to my life's love, which means to you.

Mourning an absence of love seems to be Quentin Crisp's chief purpose in *Chog*. But the book is so determinedly undistinguished that his intentions are never properly realised. The fact that he's set out to write a 'Gothic Fantasy' doesn't help. As so often, the term licenses a number of scenes which only avoid being soppy by being sick. Most of them involve a dog called Fido who, having inherited his master's money, begins to fulfil his desire 'to become as horrible as a human being'. This includes blinding his one sympathiser, bedding the village whore, fathering a chog (get it?), and being razored to death by a pimp. In the wake of these disasters, his offspring collects the neighbourhood's dogs and launches an attack on Fido's two custodians. One has drowned herself, but her survivor lives long enough to be torn to shreds before his assailants turn on each other. When the gore settles Crisp is still visible under a heap of bodies, mouthing his dislike and distrust of the world. But he is too deeply buried in blood and viscera for his voice to carry very far.

Arthur Marshall

Big Bang

Border Reflections by LORD HOME *Collins* £4.95

Lord Home has chosen a somewhat dishonest title for this self-indulgent and displeasing book. Although it has a more revealing subtitle, *Border Reflections* suggest a retired Scottish statesman looking back, fun at the Foreign Office, behind the scenes at No 10, and so on. Not at all. The jacket too, a charming colour design by Rodger McPhail, is misleading in that it shows live snipe, grouse, salmon, pheasants, wild duck and many others. They should be not live but dead, for the whole aim of the book is to tell us how to kill as many of them as possible and to encourage us to exult in doing so. Quantity is all.

For those of us who are only too ready to munch, when given the chance, trout and partridge, it is pure hypocrisy to take a moral line about shooting and fishing. What turns the stomach here is the appalling relish with which the wholesale and often pointless slaughter is carried out, followed by the totting up of the mangled corpses and the boastful entries in the game-book, many of which are reproduced here in acutely boring detail. And the whole gloomy charade is described in

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a tasteless and self-confident manner which sets the teeth on edge.

The book has a strange contradiction for Lord Home's love of the countryside and, indeed, of his prey seems genuine enough. But it is love of a pretty rum kind:

> Even in the Foreign Office I could set my watch by the evening flight of the ducks from St James's Park – over the Horse Guards Parade to the Thames estuary – and select a right and left with my imaginary gun.

One particularly sickening story finds our noble marksman on Lake Winnipeg and among ducks and geese galore. Informed that 13 different varieties inhabited the lake, 'I told my guide that I would try and shoot one of each. After two hours I had 11 of the possibles, and thus had a most enjoyable morning.' Why destroy, and for such an ignoble purpose, such beauty? Ducks are a great deal more attractive visually than some writers I could name.

What else? There are tales of tiffs and jealousies ('Childish no doubt') in the butts. There is the importance, as in golf, of footwork (keep that left toe pointing towards the target and don't waggle the hips). The best kind of all-purpose shot to use is No 6 ('It doesn't matter if the pheasant is hit in the neck'). There are two quite stunningly uninteresting stories about Edward VII and we discuss the ideal hour for 'luncheon' at a shoot (some say one o'clock but, on the other hand, some say three, so please yourself).

'One of the loveliest sights in autumn', we read, 'is black game sitting in birch-trees when the ground is covered in snow' and our informant seems to find nothing odd in including, on the very same page, game-book entries which read, on successive days, 'Black Game, 53,' 'Black Game, 41'. Every now and then there pops up an entry for 'This England':

> When driving grouse the host should always remember the beaters. They are not to be pitied, for walking light on the hill is a healthy pursuit.

But it is when the first skeins of those beautiful wild geese come flying in in V-shaped formation after their long journey from the Arctic Circle that I too would like to seize up a gun, though not to shoot geese with. In a trice, Lord Home is among them, crawling along and bent on destruction ('We ended with 13 pinkfoot geese').

If one felt frivolously inclined to Home and his lethal hobbies one might suggest that he be attached to a hang-glider and sent soaring over the butts filled with guns, their left toes daintily pointed and ready to provide a good peppering from below (he would be a bit stingy for the pot, I dare say). But unfortunately it is not frivolous that one feels:

> I do not know about the 'morality' of shooting and fishing; but I take hope from the last words of a splendid sportsman and devout Christian to his priest and confessor. 'Father,' he asked, 'will there be shooting and fishing in Heaven?'

But Lord Home must be careful. There may be other things too in Heaven. Contempt, for instance.

FRANÇOISE SAGAN
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Blake Morrison

On Display

Love-Life by HUGO WILLIAMS *Whizzard/Deutsch* £2.95
A Faust Book by D.J.ENRIGHT *Oxford* £3.25
An Explanation of America by ROBERT PINSKY *Carcanet* £2.95
The Selected Padraic Fiacc *Blackstaff* £2.75

Ask most readers of contemporary poetry what they remember about the writers associated with Ian Hamilton's *Review* and they will probably come up with something about 'toughness'. Hamilton's reviewing was – still is – renowned for its severity. So, too, the typical *Review* school poem had a pretty mean look about it: within its confined space (half-a-dozen lines was the norm) violence and brutality were always threatening to erupt. And yet many of the poems published in the *Review* (and this is rather less well remembered) also looked pitifully vulnerable: the predominant note was one of sadness and failure, the predominant imagery of a conventionally romantic kind – flowers, hands, tenderness and tears. Take away the curt mannerisms and you were left with a poetry that was always soft on 'sincerity' and has now come to prize 'feeling' above anything else. Hence Ian Hamilton's recent remarks while judging the NS's Prudence Farmer award bemoaning the lack of 'simplicity' and 'strength of feeling' in what he'd had to read. Hence, too, the pamphlet poems in which Colin Falck writes about the death of his pet cat, and Hamilton permits himself a phrase like 'the freshest of sweet tears'.

On the face of it, Hugo Williams's *Love-Life* is the most extreme example to date of such naked declaration of feeling. In his early work Williams showed some attraction towards leather-jacket-and-dark-glasses coolness about emotions: poems such as 'Symptoms of Loss' and 'Driving on the A 30' sounded very much like Thom Gunn, and Williams even had a run-out in the Movement anthology *New Lines 2*. But over the years he has acquired a voice of almost childlike directness, and in this, the most intimate and innocent of all his collections, writes with a seemingly artless candour about first meetings and final separations, romantic love and pained marriage, loneliness and guilt. Reading it is at times like being forced to hear the life history of someone you've only just met: it's embarrassing to be told all this, but touching and fascinating too. It is a world in which literary influence seems not to exist, and in which wit, humour and irony would be a betrayal or invasion of the authenticity of the feeling. *Love-Life* is thin, and would be thinner still had not Williams reproduced a number of poems from his last collection (oddly there's no acknowledgment of this, nor of the fact that the title-poem is a revised version of an earlier one called 'The Wedding Frame'). Hardly a substantial collection then, but the poet appears to lay himself so open, to bemoan his lot with such unashamed soppiness ('Come, tears, and fall/For other nights like this'), that you'd have to be a sadist to want to put the boot in.

In fact, though, *Love-Life* is not so straightforward, nor so confessional, as it first seems. Whenever he's at his most naively literal, Williams is likely to turn up something which subverts, or complicates, or changes what has so far been said. 'Holidays', for example, begins as if written by a ten year old – 'We spread our things on the sand/In front of the Hotel'. But what about the last four lines?

> Our holidays look back at us in surprise
> From fishing boats and fairs
> Or wherever they were going then
> In their seaweed head-dresses

Does that 'they' in the penultimate line refer back to 'holidays' or 'fishing boats and fairs' or something else? How can holidays look back? What is the logic behind 'or'? What exactly are 'seaweed head-dresses', and can they have anything to do with the 'seagirls wreathed with seaweed red and brown' in Eliot's 'Prufrock'? The poems in *Love-Life* often work in this way: the real suddenly shifts to the surreal, the literal turns into a literary allusion. The cupboard which 'contain(s) the sea' in 'Impotence' may be the same one which holds a glacier in Auden's 'As I Walked Out One Evening'; the rhythms and insistent questioning of 'Bachelors' – 'What do they know of love/These men that have never been married' – take us straight to the similarly haranguing opening of Larkin's 'The Old Fools'; 'Love at Night' ends with a paradox which might have been used by Donne or Sidney – 'Merciless angel, it has been your task/To teach me how to live without you finally'. Also complicating and enriching the collection is a motif of drama and of playing to an audience. As titles like 'Once More With Feeling' and 'Along These Lines' suggest, Williams is very conscious of *using* his suffering, and of putting it on display: 'And so you cry for her, and the poem falls on the page.' For this reason the Jessica Gwynne drawings which accompany the poems are nicely appropriate: Expressionist in manner, reminiscent of Nolde or Rouault, they too play off domestic passion against motifs of theatre and vaudeville. In the end, for such a seemingly confessional collection, there's a surprising lack of hard fact sincerely given away. And this makes us, as readers, more than simply voyeurs: like those in Gwynne's drawings, the faces of Williams's protagonists remain slightly blurred and ambiguous, waiting to be filled in by our own experience.

Since the early 1970s, D. J. Enright has been increasingly drawn to narrative sequences. *The Terrible Shears* (1973) was an account of his 1930s upbringing in the Midlands; *Paradise Illustrated* (1978) was his refashioning of Creation and the Fall; and now comes *A Faust Book*. Enright has long had a scholarly interest in the Faust myth, and for this collection he's consulted not just Marlowe and Goethe and Faust, but less well-known chapbooks and puppet-plays. The result is that as well as the more obvious cast of Faust, Wagner, Mephistopheles and Helen, there are a number of innovations: Faust's dreadful working class parents, who are proud of his scholarly career but worried about his sexual morals; Gretchen, his loyal wife, and Meretrix, his whore; and a finale in which Faust gets off more lightly than we expect. These are successful touches, as is Faust's will, which leaves behind all earthly goods except 'a certain

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immaterial item' which goes to Mephistopheles. In general, however, Enright's puns, jokes and contemporary analogies are less accessible and less rewarding than those in *Paradise Illustrated*. Some of the jokes are, indeed, downright awful. Mephistopheles is initially disguised as a poodle because all in hell 'runs widdershins' – 'in our parlance the Lord God/Is the Drol Dog,/Ergo, a poodle'. Or there's the fifth-form silly-smuttiness by which Mephistopheles takes credit for Faust's sexual prowess: 'You always rose to the occasion/Because I never let you down'. The problem with Enright's poetry these days is that whatever its ostensible subject it ends up making much the same cracks against much the same targets, with Freud, education and literary criticism always high on the list. A treat for Faustian scholars, then, but with all the limitations that implies. As the hero himself puts it, *The Faust Book* is 'an academic joke,/A funny story, well, meant to be funny'.

Robert Pinsky's second collection of poetry is not quite so presumptuous as it sounds. If an explanation of America is to be had from it at all, it's not one that can be quickly grasped. This is just as well: when Pinsky does allow himself some fairly explicit analysis of contemporary America – on Vietnam: 'I think it made our country older, forever' – he can sound bland and complacent. For the most part, though, the poem is about the difficulty of explaining America: knowing that the notions of 'country' and 'place' are problematic ones – 'a country is the things it wants to see', 'place is always a kind of motion' – Pinsky instead turns his attention on 'a place where you and I have never been/And need to imagine', using dreams, images and historical comparisons as a way towards reaching provisional and personal conclusions about what America means. Long ambitious poems of this order often dissolve into fragments, but Pinsky's is held together firstly by the presence of a 'you', the poet's daughter, to whom the poem is addressed (Yeats's 'A Prayer for My Daughter' seems to have been in mind as a model), and secondly through the constancy of the poet's unemphatic but distinctive voice.

As anyone who's been reading Margaretta D'Arcy lately will realise, the problem with feeling strongly about a political cause is that it can lead you to judge all literature not noisily behind that cause to be inferior to literature that is. Thus a play like David Edgar's *Destiny*, which takes the trouble to explain the National Front not merely shout about it, will be considered gutless in comparison to pub agitprop. Or a poem by Seamus Heaney will rank behind this sort of thing by Padraic Fiacc:

> You soldiers who make for our holy
> Pictures, grinding the glass with your
> Rifle butts, kicking and jumping on them
> With your hob-nailed boots . . .

Good 'Troops Out' propaganda, but it's possible to be behind the 'Troops Out' movement and still to prefer Heaney. Fiacc, who began life as a stilted lyricist, writes about Ulster at times with great immediacy, but more often with the kind of relish for bloodshed that makes it all look a bit gratuitous. He is, to be fair, conscious that there's violence within him as well as out there in the streets: 'I'm polluted/with the poison of violence, born and bred into it.' But more often this kind of insight is lost in a welter of market-conscious hysteria.

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ELIZABETH VALLANCE

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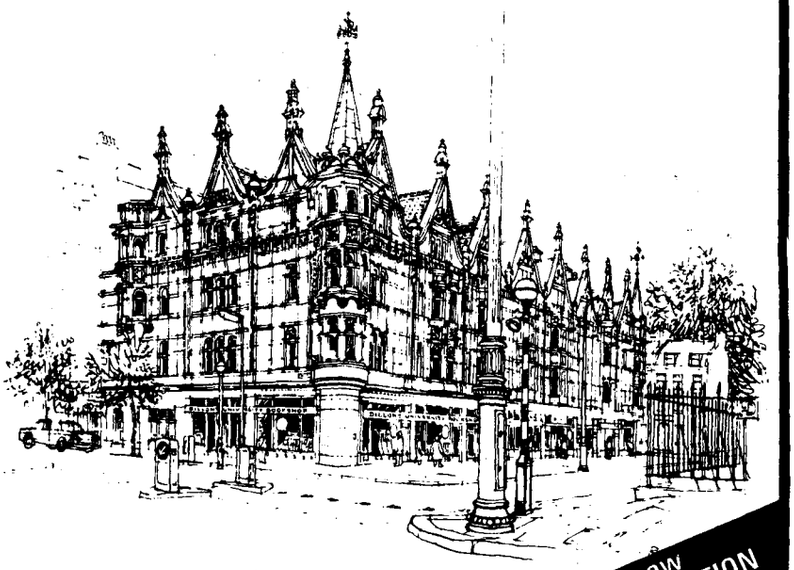

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

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Woyzeck (AA) *Paris Pullman; Phoenix*
Meetings With Remarkable Men (U) *Gate Two*

Let's get it over with. By now, probably only Nanook of the North will be unaware of the history of *Scum* – rejection by the BBC as a reportedly less violent TV play – and of its actual story as a film, devilish dark doings at a Borstal. Directed by Alan Clarke and written by Roy Minton, it has everything the liberal pessimist could desire: hard to think of a dirty trick omitted. Tough newcomer Carlin (Ray Winstone, already in danger of becoming type-cast), after initial hard knocks, becomes 'Daddy' or leader by bloodying the previous incumbent Banks (John Blundell) with a sockful of billiard balls. Timorous Davis (Julian Firth), another new boy, is eventually raped by Banks while a senior officer (John Judd) looks on. His suicide precipitates the kind of riot familiar to fans of Warner Brothers behind-bars movies, massively put down and all 'privileges' thereafter withdrawn. Racial prejudice is rampant – after a black kid has been kicked to bits in his cell by white kids, a warder immediately slides in, summons him to his feet, forcing the 'nignog' (as he addresses him) to repeat his name and number *ad nauseam*. Nausea, in fact, becomes one's prevailing sensation, not merely at the wholesale, everyday brutalities but at the incredibly one-sided sensationalism of the Clarke-Minton enterprise: there isn't a remotely humane adult in sight. The governing body is composed of unfeeling ciphers and the prison officers, to a man, would have got medals in Belsen, condoning the boys' infighting with apparent relish. Of course, foul deeds are commonplace in Borstals and, of course, their value as places of rehabilitation is highly dubious and, maybe, divide and rule is too often the order of the day.

But the dice are so loaded here as to destroy the film's presumed intentions. The one articulate inmate, Archer (Mick Ford), may be reckoned by some as a sign of hope, of how to beat the system by cynical passivity; yet I found even him wordily improbable. As a footnote, underlining the meretriciousness of *Scum*, perhaps I might remind readers of the painful, truthful realities of an astounding documentary, *Tattooed Tears* (reviewed NS, 17 November last year), made by Nick Broomfield and Joan Churchill of the controversial *Juvenile Liaison*. They were refused permission to shoot a candid examination of a high-security Borstal. Instead, they were offered three months at California's Youth Training School, a reformatory for 2,000 bad boys between the ages of 17 and 21. Now *that* would be something worth reviving.

Louis Malle's *Pretty Baby*, ravishingly photographed by Sven Nykvist of Bergman fame and beguilingly written by Polly Platt, has attained its own brand of notoriety by casting the beautiful, uninnocent-faced 12-year-old Brooke Shields as Violet, a 12-year-old whore, living with her whoring mother in a Storyville, New Orleans brothel around 1917. Malle says he got the original notion from a book by Al Rose of interviews about the historic red-light district; the other main character, one E. J. Bellocq, an authentic person (played with a wonderful fusion of gaucherie and arrogance by Keith Carradine), clearly emerged from a monograph containing some 30 of this strange fellow's bordello photo-portraits. The mainly merry, ornate house of the film is firmly run by croaking Frances Faye, formidably addicted to absinthe and cocaine, but – after first doubts ('Photography? What kind of a thing is that? I don't cater for inverts') – she allows Bellocq free run of the place, a sort of latterday Toulouse-Lautrec on stilts, to take his odalisque plates. During a game of Sardines, he meets little Violet and, when her mother leaves to get married, she moves in on him, eventually to seduce him and even wed him in turn. 'She was a whore, father,' she explains to the priest when asked about her mother.

This blitheness, issuing from her red, red mouth, is constant and takes the curse off much. But the squeamishness of advancing years (or an inadmissible desire – am I kidding myself?) had me worrying about the high, celebratory scene where her virginity has earlier been put up for excited auction. Anyway, there is a moral end of equivocal sorts. Ma returns with her new man to reclaim Violet legally. A freeze frame finds her almost demure, schoolgirlish on a station platform. God knows what havoc she'll wreak elsewhere. The house has closed; the end of an era; the music of 'Jelly Roll' Morton has proved a powerful seduction throughout.

The sleazy, irrepressible anti-hero of Peter Bogdanovich's *Saint Jack*, another amoral (immoral?) movie of some merit, turns rather to Louis Armstrong as a distraction from pimping. Drawn from Paul Theroux's witty, subtle and largely disarming novel by the author, Bogdanovich and Howard Sackler (one wonders somewhat whether Theroux had a hand or just a finger in the resultant script, which jettisons a deal of Jack's intricate self-justification and soul-searching), this one races around Singapore in the early Seventies as if vainly trying to keep up with the wheelings and dealings of Ben Gazzara's spring-heeled Jack. Officially living on a pittance from a firm of marine chandlers, this rogue or shit seems to know every whore in town and how to beat up custom for them. The hinge of the plot is his relationship with a once-a-year visiting auditor from Hong Kong, Leigh, who prefers squash to strumpets, dreams wistfully of retirement to a cottage his wife has found in Gloucestershire and is played with a heart-rending, loner's amiability by Denholm Elliott. Jack dreams of owning a plush cat-house, though warned by all against it; realises his fantasy, only to be kidnapped and tattooed with obscenities all over his arms by a Mr Toh and his thugs *and* have his 'house' gutted. Leigh dies on a third trip, of a wonky ticker, and the local expatriates (excellent James Villiers, Joss Ackland, Rodney Bewes and Mark Kingston) stop laughing and boozing to sing *Jerusalem* at his funeral.

Much more, but the core of the matter somehow evaporates with Leigh (in the book, his death comes early, leaving Jack relieved and resentful). Bogdanovich himself flits about as a possible CIA high-up, staking Jack to an R & R brothel-palace for GIs on leave from Vietnam. That closes; an offer to blackmail a touring Democratic senator is taken up and becomes the most nightmarish episode; Jack finally revolts, chucking the incriminating snaps into the water. Best line, as he mails Leigh's ashes – 'Fragile?' asks the clerk – 'Just personal effects,' mutters Jack.

As a welcome change, the audacity of Andrzej Wajda's 160-minute *Man of Marble* is not sexual but political and the result both exhausting and magnificent. Briefly, it covers a crucial slice of Polish history through the device of a striking-looking blonde, Agnieszka (Krystyna Janda), a hard girl, setting out to make an honest TV documentary about one Birkut (played, in flashbacks, by sweet-faced Jerzy Radziwilowicz), a legendary Stakhanovite bricklayer of the Fifties who fell from favour – this for her diploma. She gets help from an equally hard woman editor, with whom she spends considerable time watching craftily reconstructed black-and-white clips from old newsreels and a couple of films. A manner of chase-plot or detective story ensues, too long, yet fascinating, with her tracking down the now laurelled director Burski (super Tadeusz Lomnicki), who reveals a magnificant past fakery; Birkut's drunken ex-'wife'; and, ultimately, the son. There is hope for her project at the very end. Meanwhile, she has learnt some bitter truths and we have been treated to a profound exercise in cinema craft, shot through with humour.

Another hard cookie is the aptly named Diane Cruise (Talia Shire), self-willed heroine of *Old Boyfriends*, a first feature from Joan Tewkesbury, who wrote Altman's *Thieves Like Us* and *Nashville*. Schematically written by Leonard and Paul Schrader – and the latter's displeasing *Hardcore* is relevant food for comparison – and re-worked by the director, the movie has thirtyish Diane also tracking, here the three men of the title. There are good Altmanesque vignettes: the overall effect is tiresome and predictable, bad news.

Werner Herzog's version of the eerie, masochistic *Woyzeck*, a series of stage fragments by Georg Büchner (1813-1837), is noteworthy for Klaus Kinski's knuckle-cracking, tormented linking presence as the mad, murderous Private, at everyone's mercy. Promises, promises: I hope to return to it. Of Peter Brook's charade about the green years of the charlatan G. I. Gurdjieff, *Meetings With Remarkable Men*, what to say save that Gil Taylor photographs sand exquisitely and that a far more enticing film cries to be made about some impressive 'believers': the late Katherine Mansfield, Lincoln Kerstein, plenty more? Those would be really interesting meetings.

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Music

Andrew Clements

Agma

Birtwistle *Albert Hall/Radio 3*

For his most recent and arguably his most successful vocal work to date, Harrison Birtwistle has returned to a literary source he's already plundered twice for texts. Early in his career, in 1964, he wrote *Entr'actes and Sappho Fragments* for soprano and a handful of instruments, and in 1969 completed a short cantata, again for soprano with a different selection of instruments, but returning to Sappho for the texts. Both pieces take the poems at face value; they are treated as finished, intentionally fashioned miniatures, almost a Greek version of *haiku*. But now Birtwistle has discovered their true nature and returned to the poetry, this time in the original Greek and treating the verses in a way entirely characteristic of his most recent explorations.

Sappho's poems have come down to us piecemeal. Birtwistle was led back to them by Tony Richardson while they were both working on the National Theatre's forthcoming production of the *Oresteia* trilogy. The poems were written down on papyrus rolls entirely in capitals with no spaces between the words or punctuation. Later many of these rolls were cut lengthways to make strips for the wrappings of Egyptian mummies. Other pieces have turned up in the ruins and rubbish dumps of Upper Egypt. Excavations from the latter half of the 19th century brought many of these scraps and fragments to light, especially at such sites as Fayum, the ancient Crocodilopolis. Strips of papyrus were found stuffed into the jaws of mummified crocodiles. Hence the fragmentary nature of Sappho's poems. We may possess the middle of a line or the left-hand side or the right-hand side, but almost never an entire line. By using the Sapphic stanza as a grid we can fit the fragments of phrases and broken words into sets.

'Sets' and 'grids': these words have cropped up for some years now in discussing Birtwistle's music. The single, dominating and easily apprehendable musical idea that sustains some of his large-scale works of the early 1970s, notably *The Triumph of Time*, has recently been replaced by a network (or 'set') of seemingly unrelated fragmentary ideas, bound together at a much more subcutaneous level by a common system of pulses or metres. It's a far more flexible and unrestrictive way of ordering and classifying musical raw material than any serial manipulations, and it's typical of Birtwistle, who from his earliest pieces has consciously avoided any form of serial working, but whose musical progress has been dominated by a continual search for musical coherence and necessity, to have evolved his own patterns of relationships. To have found texts that seemed to mirror in syllables what he has struggled to explore in musical terms must have been too good an opportunity to miss.

So '. . .*agm*. . .', music for 16 voices and three instrumental groups, brought to the Proms by the excellent *Ensemble Intercontemporain* of Paris and the John Alldis Choir, conducted by Peter Eötvös. The work was commissioned by IRCAM, Pierre Boulez's musical research centre underground beneath the concourse of the Pompidou Centre, and first performed there last April. At first sight the title seems typical Birtwistlian Hermeticism, but in fact it arises naturally from the texts. The Greek word for a fragment is *agma;* nearly all the lines contain the letters agm, and agm is also an abbreviation for Agamemnon. . . The texts, embedded in the music rather than conventionally 'set', are three sets of the 'Crocodilopolis cries'.

'. . . *agm*. . .' lasts about half an hour. It seems to me one of the most immediately rewarding of Birtwistle's recent scores. The opening is very characteristic: a single voice, confined to a single pitch, enunciates the first set of syllables and is then clothed in a luminous vocal chord. At first the textures are predominantly choral but gradually the instrumental groups come to the fore, detaching off from the main thread of the vocal argument into overlapping interludes. The three groups are characterised by their sound quality: one of eleven 'high' instruments (containing some of Birtwistle's most characteristic sound sources that betray his debt to Varèse – wailing E flat clarinet and piccolos), another of nine low instruments including heavy brass, and a third of six 'punctuating' instruments: two harps, piano and three percussion. The full complement is used sparingly: the brass is given its head only in the closing pages of the piece with extraordinary wild abandon, suggesting a triumph quite new in his music; elsewhere there are a *gamelan*-like passage for piano and tuned percussion, a syncopated brass toccata like something borrowed from a piece by, say Stan Kenton by way of Stockhausen, and much delicate cushioning and pointing of the vocal lines. But it is the texts that lie at the very centre of the piece; to hear Birtwistle given the chance to write for a virtuoso choir as if they were soloists is to hear a new dimension in his writing for the voice. I regard him as the most significant and important British composer since the generation of Britten and Tippett '. . *agm*. . .' must rank among the top three pieces in his output.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Hard Slog

Death of a Salesman by ARTHUR MILLER *Lyttelton*
Gogol by RICHARD CRANE *Theatre Upstairs*
The People Show *Bush*
Fly By and **Zero Line** by ALFONSO VALLEJO *Orange Tree, Richmond*

The obituary of tragedy has been written many times in recent years, not least by Kenneth Tynan, whose comforting view it was that the genre had been made redundant by advances in the political, social and psychological sciences, all of which could offer at least a tentative solution to human suffering. A modern *Oedipus* would presumably not end in disaster, thanks to the excellence of the ophthalmic department at Thebes General Hospital and its psychiatric back-up services, and *Lear* would not even approach crisis, because the gerontologists would have been in action from scene one. But the play to which Tynan specifically refers is *Death of a Salesman*. What ultimately destroys Willy Loman, he claims, is economic injustice, which is curable. If the company for which he worked had a pensions scheme, and hadn't simply dumped him like the disposable tat he had spent his life selling, he would have had no reason for despair and suicide. All might have been well.

Now, Miller's play was indeed originally regarded as a pungent critique of an America that had reduced a conscientious dream into wall-eyed, or Wall-Street-eyed, worship of success and money; and it obviously still has warnings to offer any society apt to identify happiness with consumption, friends with business contacts, and human value with getting on. Willy's degenerate hopes and debased patriotism have transformed one son, the ironically-named Happy, into a glossy philanderer who sees love itself as a variety of competition, and the other, Biff, into that most pitiful exhibit in the American zoo, the superannuated athlete sans praise, sans prizes, sans everything except the disappointment of the father who has ruined him. Meanwhile, Willy himself frantically cadges the wherewithal for the last payment on the broken-down fridge he bought because it was the most grandly advertised and now, without consciousness of self-contradiction, feels he should have rejected because it wasn't advertised grandly enough. Some may find Miller's social alternative, the virtues of hard slog as exemplified by the neighbourhood swot who has become a supreme-court lawyer, not as radical as they would wish; but they cannot accuse him of missing the callousness and desperation inherent in the capitalist nirvana.

Death of a Salesman clearly makes it across the boundary that divides transitory social problems from rather more lasting ones. But there is a second and more tightly-guarded frontier, the one between the social and therefore alterable and the enduringly, immutably human. Galsworthy, Priestley and many others of eminence in their day are turned back by the Customs at this point because of the topical over-matter in their theatrical valises. *A Doll's House* gets through on a provisional visa, *Hedda Gabler* on a more permanent one. *The Cherry Orchard* is waved across with the same blithe obliviousness to formalities that, it may be, posterity will feel Miller's *Salesman* merits. To be sure, it is technically flawed and even dated. Loman's obsessions result in an emotional repetitiveness at which even O'Neill might have balked. The scene in which the somewhat implausibly credulous Biff is first disillusioned in his father is an embarrassing intrusion from the hack melodrama of yesteryear. And yet I think that few of the first-night crustacea at the National went away without feeling some weakness bared, some sore scratched. The play is about being old, frightened, aghast at failures behind and emptinesses ahead. It's about the parent who seeks vicarious fulfilment in his children, and the child painfully trying to cohere his brainwashed remnants into a personality truly his own. Above all, it's about the life-lies in which most of us sometimes find sanity and cause for survival.

Does all this, combined with the faint blub-

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bing audible across the stalls last week, suggest that we're confronted with that elusive accomplishment, a 'tragedy'? The mere label has never seemed to me to matter much, especially if it involves resurrecting unities, hamartiae and other such qualifications from the Aristotelean museum. But by Tynan's own definition – 'men pass through anguish and are destroyed by forces they neither comprehend nor control' – the *Salesman* is surely tragic enough. In the cosmic hierarchy Willy may only be the chap who sells Goneril stockings and Regan stiletto shoes, but his anguish is unmissable. And what destroys him is not economic injustice, but a gullibility as complete as Lear's, an inner blindness which leaves him confusing dream with reality, image with truth.

It is as if Ibsen's lessons were emerging from Strindberg's feeling for family aggro and O'Neill's understanding of the confused loves within it; and yet the result is unmistakably and powerfully Miller's own. Michael Rudman's production, skilful when it comes to coping with a cumbersome set and interjecting visitors from Willy's past into his present, is particularly strong when his male actors are asked to do something the English always find difficult, that is make emotional tumult tactile; and he gets sentient yet unsentimental performances from Doreen Mantle as Willy's lion-wife, David Baxt as the glib Happy, and Stephen Greif as a lumbering Biff, in every particular too awkward for the social slot his dad wants him to fill. But it's Warren Mitchell who is the surprise. Shoulders slumped, jowls creased and pumice-grey, he expresses all Willy's exhaustion from the start, and, as the evening proceeds, more than enough of his disappointment and frustration; but, unlike others I've seen in the part, he doesn't stop at agonised defeat. The ghost of Alf Garnett is somewhere there, too, and it serves him well. You can sense the salesman in his feisty heyday, winking at the shopgirls, swapping dirty wisecracks with the buyers, living on and off his wits. Mr Mitchell shows us what Willy was as well as what he is; and that, surely, is real acting.

Briefly, Richard Crane variously smirks, cringes, swaggers, and shrivels into schizophrenic vacuity as what, if we're to trust his title, must be an updated version of the drab clerk of Gogol's *Overcoat*: a bravura performance, but, at 50-odd minutes, a bit daunting as a monologue. The latest *People Show*, under which name passes as admired a group as the fringe presently possesses, takes place in a hotel lobby that doubles, or trebles, as a gymnasium and a rehearsal-room for some rather good jazz-players. Those who respond to odd, tantalising atmosphere are more likely to be rewarded than those in search of purpose, meaning, significance.

Those crass cravings, which I must admit to sharing myself, are more thoroughly satisfied by the surrealism on show at Richmond. In the first play, a fever for flying spreads through a populace; and in the second the broken, wretched and oppressed are taken by train to what they think will be utopia but is actually a high-security asylum. The sardonic invention is unsophisticated at times, but its tenor should be eloquent enough to anyone who knows anything of the Spain in which Vallejo was long doomed to fester. His plays, banned until recently, are about the desperation of getting up and out of the Franco trap. They are well worth a visit.

Theatre – 2

MARGARETTA D'ARCY and JOHN ARDEN reply to Benedict Nightingale and Howard Brenton

M.D'A. writes: From Nightingale/Brenton two prongs merge into one attack – I have polluted the playwright's objectivity by uncritical support for *causes*: specifically Irish Republicanism. By ignoring 'contradictions' I bring forth turn-keys, racism, censorship, lies, massacre; and ... bad poetry. Mr Brenton's 'England out of Ireland now' is not liable to such results, I suppose, he affirms it so diffidently?

If the Literary Editor hadn't omitted it, my article should have included a quote from Col. Evelegh's *Peace-Keeping in a Democratic Society* (a guerrilla-beating handbook, based on his Irish experience):

> A terrorist campaign is largely a battle of will ... The Government (must) ... at all levels from the Cabinet to the street support its counter-terrorist campaign by publicising its case and *denigrating* that of the rebels. (My italics.)

This would have established the context in which I wrote: for the notorious censorship and manipulation of the news media about Ireland over the last ten years clearly show such recommendations have in fact been put into practice. Under this umbrella of officially-induced propaganda and deliberately-sown doubt, writers who fall over themselves to expose contradictions in the conduct of the rebellious oppressed, and who expect from them an improbable perfection not sought from the oppressors, are willy-nilly absorbed into the Denigration Programme. The 'liberal' public becomes so confused by all the diffidence that it evades its traditional duty to demand from government a firm reversal of oppressive policies. Thus government remains victor in the battle of will ... I wonder how much Mr Brenton knows about Republicanism? As developed by Wolfe Tone from the ideas of the French Revolution – ideas all but smashed at the time in Britain but tenaciously surviving in Ireland – the essential ideology has scarcely changed in 180 years (except to include modern concepts of Socialism):

> To subvert the tyranny of our execrable Government; to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils; and to assert the independence of my country – these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of *Irishman* in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter – these were my means.

Tone's progressive thought, brought over by thousands of immigrants into the working-class struggles of the 19th century, has informed and enriched the British Labour movement to the present day: his principles imply so many dangers to the imperial capitalist status-quo that all British governments since 1798 have been forced to disguise their true content lest the working class recognise its natural alliance with Irish Republicans. Denigration, continuously – Terrorism, Nationalism, Clericalism, Fascism, Ultra-leftism, the threat of the Bloodbath (RCs: or Prods? Take your pick), for American ears – Castroism; all introduced to mis-portray the Republican idea.

As an Irish writer in Ireland watching a Republican play about the battle of will, I found myself *questioning* not the play's hero but the depth of my own commitment. For these 'ra-ra' plays do force this kind of questioning, they force one's own truth: one is bound to accept or reject their assertions. Brenton/Nightingale apparently are unable to do either and would therefore prefer not to think about it. But would they think about this image – the badge of the RUC is a crown (privilege and power) squatting on a harp (the arts of peace available for *anyone*'s enjoyment). I want your crown taken off the top of my harp and I would like my English colleagues to help shift it. So please don't inform me that some of the harp-strings are broken or that the crown is beautifully designed. I just want it off.

J.A. writes: The above deals with a good proportion of the Nightingale critique of the amateur guest-critics who so fouled his nest for him when he was on his hols: but I must offer some comment on his drip drip drip theory of dramatic efficacy. To begin with, all these writers he mentions, from Euripides to Bill Morrison, may conceivably have increased our humane concern as the centuries drifted by. I'm not sure of it, though: at random, the authors of the *Book of Ruth* or the *Odyssey*, written before any of the plays, seem to have looked for a public just about as liberal/tolerant as any of us can expect today at the Royal Court. But how many of these enlightened playwrights have been able to make clear to us exactly how to *apply* humane concern to the immediate precise problems we are confronted with day by day?

The Ibsen drama, for instance, shows us democracy in a watering-place peddling a typhoid cover-up and running the exposing doctor out of town. We question and examine with cultured detachment the attractive ambiguities. But its effect on the Labour vote in Bognor Regis? Drip drip drip, maybe some of us don't vote at all, in case we make the same mistake. We are put on our guard – good: we are possibly paralysed in our exercise of democracy – obviously by no means good. Is it elevated? Admirable? Only if we think that a state of constant dithering is the height of civilised intercourse.

On the Irish issue: drip drip drip of humane anti-oppression self-questioning in our theatres at least since the time of Boucicault. Each generation in turn, as prevailed upon by this drip, has lauded past freedom-fighters and reviled contemporary terrorists. Henry Irving wished to play Robert Emmet as a hero (but was prevented, lest he encourage the Fenian bombers of the 1880s): Kenneth Griffith wished to make a TV film of Michael Collins as a hero (but was prevented lest he encourage the IRA today). No change what-

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ever observable in the attitudes: and no indication from the 'theatre of contradiction' as to how on earth we are to approach the non-violent H-block protest in the face of the authorities' insistence that it is in itself a manifestation of violence – an insistence that would *compel* the 'alien Irish' to our own way of thinking as Mr Nightingale would *persuade* me to his own view of the theatre (and to Bond's, and to Brenton's, and so on). Of course there would be no trouble, if only all of us thought the same . . .

But why should not plays be presented in defiance of this consensus – not all plays always, but now and then for an urgent need? It is this sort of need that our professional theatre under current dispensations is unable to fulfil. I don't want to burn the stadium, merely to point out the collapsing roof beams. And to remind Mr Nightingale of a comment by Charles Dickens:

> When men are about to . . . sanction the commission of some injustice, it is not uncommon for them to express pity for the object (of it), and to feel themselves at the time quite virtuous and moral, and immensely superior to those who express no pity at all.

Phrases like 'the two-way horrors of Ulster' are an exact illustration of this – they certainly express pity and they pointedly avoid attributing responsibility: and they make it all the easier for the horrors to continue.

Sport

Sam Ramsamy

Whitewash

Since 1968 South Africa has been constantly making readjustments to its sports policy to appease international opinion while spending astronomical sums of money to give the world the impression that its sport has been completely de-segregated. But an MP of the ruling National Party, A. J. Vlok, adequately summarised the real position in Parliament on 21 May 1979: 'Integrated clubs and integrated sport constitute far less than one per cent of the sports activities in South Africa.'

In 1976 the South African Government announced eight guidelines for South African sport which stated, *inter alia*: 'White, Coloured, Indian, and Black sportsmen and women should all belong to their own clubs. Each should control, arrange, and manage its own sporting fixtures.' The Minister of Sport re-affirmed this policy during the 1979 Parliamentary debate on sport. Mixing outside the guidelines, sometimes necessary for re-admission into international sport, was, he emphasised, an exception:

> Exceptional circumstances do not always permit of consistent implementation of the mentioned guidelines and it is recognised that special arrangements are justified in such circumstances. But unnecessary deviations must be guarded against, and exceptions must be dealt with in such a way that they do, in fact, prove the rule.

The exceptions are administered in several different ways according to the popularity of the sport among the Blacks and according to the extent of Black co-operation.

Most of South Africa's Black sportsmen belong to non-racial sports bodies and refuse to have contact with the Black stooge splinter sports bodies that are set up by the Whites. In rugby the national Black stooge bodies – the South African Rugby Association (Africans) and the South African Rugby Federation (Coloureds – people of mixed descent) are affiliated as provincial units to the national White South African Rugby Board (SARB) which now consists of 24 affiliates – 22 White provincial unions and two national Black bodies. This move was intended to further fortify apartheid rugby, while the affiliation of the two Black stooge bodies would give White rugby international credibility.

The SARA and SARF are not allowed to enter teams in the inter-provincial Currie Cup competition because their players are 'not good enough' for this premier league, but these very same players 'become' good when a team is selected to tour overseas or when South Africa entertains an international side. It is true that the playing standard of the stooges is relatively low. This is only so because the majority of Blacks (over 90 per cent) and all the superior players play in the leagues of the non-racial South African Rugby Union (SARU). SARU refuses to co-operate with the Whites as they allow mixing only at lower division provincial matches and some club fixtures.

This pattern of administration is basically the same for all sport, although there are modifications specific to each sports discipline. In football, for example, a mixed inter-club professional league consisting of 18 clubs has been allowed.

All mixed sports fixtures in South Africa are termed 'multinational' events. 'Multinational' is the glorified name for the Government's Bantustan Policy whereby people are separated for work, sport, residency, etc. according to their ethnic origins. The essential ingredients of separate development are in the Government's sports guidelines:

> Wherever possible, practical, and desirable the committees or councils of the different race groups should consult together or have such contact as would advance the interests of the sport concerned.
>
> If and when invited or agreed, teams comprising players from all racial groups can represent South Africa.

Although there is no law which specifically prohibits the playing of mixed sport (White South Africa takes great pains to point this out to the world), several laws make mixed sport illegal in practice. The Group Areas Act divides the whole of South Africa into areas of occupancy and residency according to race. Playing of sport entails 'occupying' a specific area and this, therefore, legalises only one race group; the other race groups will be violating the Act. The Reservation of Amenities Act (1953) allows only one race group to use amenities, like sportsfields, clubhouses, etc. in a specific area. The Bantu Laws Amendment Act (1963) makes it illegal for persons of other race groups to enter a Bantu (African) Area. The Native Laws Amendment Act (1957) provides for the withholding of permission for Africans attending functions, like sports fixtures, outside the so-called Native Residential Areas. According to the Bantu (Urban Areas) Consolidation Act (1945) Africans are not allowed to use sports facilities outside their Native Areas.

All these laws can be by-passed by the issue of special Government permits. An application for a mixed race sports event is made to the white Department of Sport and Recreation which monitors all mixed events and thoroughly scrutinises applications to ensure that all aspects of the Government's sports policy are strictly adhered to. This scrutiny also ensures that applicants who are not members of government-endorsed clubs and associations do not receive permits.

Sometimes the Department of Sport and Recreation issues a blanket permit for a whole season to certain selected cricket and football organisations over which it has complete control despite the facade of being run by Blacks. However, these organisations will still have to make further applications in respect of each fixture, if they wish to admit persons of more than one race group as spectators. Although race prohibition signs have been removed from most sports grounds Blacks are still herded to remote parts of the stands.

If a Black sports body wishes to defy the government's policy and hold a mixed event its officials are politely warned about the consequences – usually loss of sports fields and loss of employment. If this does not work the police disrupt the event and transport the 'offenders' to a police station for questioning. Usually no charge is brought against the sportsmen or sports officials but this form of constant intimidation compels the 'offenders' to follow government policy. In June last Mr Lorgat, a prominent Black sports official, was forced to resign from sports administration because of constant intimidation.

South Africa's White sports administrators shower praises on overseas sportsmen who defy their government's wishes by playing with South Africa. But when eight South African Whites defied the apartheid policies of the Government to play in a Black rugby league, Danie Craven, President of the SARB, said: 'The way it has been explained to us, is that racially mixed teams may not play each other. And we must work within the framework of the policy.'

The only viable method of forcing a complete change in the South African sports structure is to continue complete isolation. Olympic sport has been undergoing a change since 1968 when the International Olympic Committee began the process of expelling South Africa. However, in sports like rugby, where its overseas supporters have tried desperately hard to maintain the links, there has been hardly any change. Supporters of South African sport have been trying to convince the naive that the meagre changes made will stop if there is complete isolation. In fact the converse has proved correct. More window-dressing has occurred in sports where South Africa has been expelled by international bodies than in sports like gymnastics, rugby and yachting, where South Africa still enjoys international participation.

At present it is not possible for true merit selection to occur in South African sport as mixing is allowed only at minimal levels. Genuine merit selection is possible only in a sports structure where all participants are given equal opportunities at all levels. South Africa's apartheid laws which restrict movement and coaching opportunities to Blacks must first be removed. The non-racial South African Council on Sports (SACOS) has very aptly summarised the country's sports dilemma: 'There cannot be normal sport in an abnormal society.'

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Television

Julian Barnes

Exports

My recent appeal on behalf of the Lone Ranger has not gone unanswered. W. H. Auden's literary executor – this column chooses its readers carefully – has written with news of the latest development in the case which began, you will recall, when a pip-squeak Los Angeles court barred Clayton Moore from wearing his famous mask and from 'advertising himself' as the Lone Ranger. Mr Moore has now come up with a solution to his legal dilemma which is worthy of the character he immortalised. You will recall the Ranger's famous phrase, 'I think this calls for a disguise, Tonto' – whereupon the masked marshal would be transformed, episode after episode, into a deeply unconvincing Python-style old man. Mr Moore's way round the judicial ban has the same classic simplicity: he has taken to wearing a pair of sunglasses made in the exact shape of the Ranger's mask. That will teach the law not to go messing with TV's living myths.

There were some pretty good disguises too in Ian Curteis's *Churchill and the Generals* (BBC-2): notably from Timothy West as Churchill (not quite the weight of voice that Burton gave him, but a remarkable physical simulacrum) and Ian Richardson as a campy Montgomery. What was billed as 'BBC Television's largest ever drama production' (is that with or without the collaboration of Cicero Broadcasting, Le Vien Productions and the Australian BC?) started a bit creakily with its Americanised made-for-export titles; its jaunty march-music in the style of *Washington Behind Closed Doors* (immediately evoking the best drama-doc of recent years); and, not least, its determination to narrate the early course of the war in a series of telegrams brought in by panting messengers – reminding one of an updated Greek play – plus overheard telephone conversations: 'Sir, the telephone, sir, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands', whereupon a panicky foreign voice comes on a crackling line backed by a further crackle of gunfire.

As the play went on, though, it gradually and forcefully sucked one in: by the simple charge of dramatic energy that fiction (TV fiction more so than book fiction) picks up from recent history; by the quality of the acting; by the dawning sense that, while Curteis wasn't proposing a clay-footed Churchill, he was at least prepared to show us his flaking shins; and by the often unexpected humour of the script. Doubtless if *The Times* were with us, there would be letters from Hawkhurst and Cheltenham complaining that this or that general wasn't at all the frightful softy that some actor-chappie had turned him into; though for my part the only worrying impersonation was Terence Alexander's Alexander (too many memories of silly-ass parts he's played, especially an old childhood series about pilots in which he co-starred with Terence Longdon).

The second half of the play – with Churchill, embroiled in his Greek strategy and getting outmanoeuvred by the Americans, looking older, moodier and madder – often attained the scope and conflict of a 'proper play'. There were blemishes – Churchill being asked by George VI how his survey of commanders was going, and replying 'I've met *with* some, sir' (don't they have people combing the script for that sort of thing?) – and larger questions stirred after it was all over. Should the BBC put so much money into prestige productions like this and the Shakespeare cycle (both 'from and idea' by Cedric Messina)? Is it a good idea for our TV drama to be so shaped by what can be sold abroad: shouldn't the priority be, make it first, then see if you can sell it? Still, the fact that such doubts were allayed for all of two hours and 50 minutes is indicative of the play's robust merits.

On Sunday's early-evening *News* (BBC-1) there was an instructive editorial decision to be made between two contending lead stories: one about a collection of zebras stranded for three days on the tarmac of Rome airport, and one about butcher Bokassa stranded for three days on the tarmac of Evreux airport. No money for guessing which story took priority. No money either for guessing what Harry Carpenter, summing up a low-rent golf tournament from Moor Park, meant when he called it 'a great day for the British'. He meant that Gary Player hadn't won. Three British golfers had finished in front of Player, who appeared from the leader board to be almost the only foreigner competing. Of course, you could look at it in a jaundiced and unpatriotic way and say that Gary Player had beaten 68 British golfers at Moor Park. Bad day for the British?

Weekend Competition

No. 2585 Set by Farouche Features

Ian Hamilton, judging this year's Prudence Farmer Poetry Award, gave the following severe characterisation of the typical NS poem:

> It would be neat, knowing and grim-whimsical; it would be in short-lined free verse chopped up into quatrains or couplets; it would have a cheekily decorated surface which would yield (mock-reluctantly) to a bleak, portentous punchline; it would certainly have something in it about food; it would have one or two tough dictionary words and a generous scattering of outlandish similes. What it wouldn't have is simplicity, strength of feeling, or unforced directness of expression.

Sticking to these guidelines, would you please write a poem of up to 16 lines. At vast expense the Comp Complex have engaged the services of Peter Porter to adjudicate; so send us your very finest entries, please, by 12 October.

Result of No 2582 Set by Ms de Meaner

We asked you to write feminist limericks.

Report by Fatboy

E. O. Parrott put his finger on it, and not for the first time:

> That comp-setter lass, Ms de Meaner,
> Wants all of our limericks cleaner;
> But I doubt if we'll do it,
> Since, according to Ewart,
> The trend is towards the obscener.

'Leopards and spots,' we murmured to one another in the Comp Complex as the entries flowed in, 'Leopards and spots'. Despite the extraordinarily generous sponsorship of Messrs Macmillan, and the copies of Roger Thompson's *Unfit for Modest Ears* which were riding on this comp, it didn't inspire your best work. Indeed, we fear many of you proved quite unable to adjust to modern modes of thought. That was one problem for us; another was the sniper fire from the flank by the likes of Heather Buttery:

> When man to his mate condescends
> And mocking, a gracious ear bends,
> Then crams her sad plight
> In a verse form so trite
> He makes matters worse, not amends.

What can we plead to that but guilty? And what can we do except send Heather Buttery (but what sort of name is that?) a couple of quid? The same to Parrott, and to those printed below. George Moor relies on faulty pronunciations, but, well, when it comes to insulting former literary editors of the paper, we'll go along with most things. Thompsons to Greenwell, Kelly, Blackley, Ransome, Fowler and Rumens; the rest withheld.

> In Genesis, Adam's the winner
> While Eve is denounced as the sinner
> For the fruit that she brings:
> That's how men see these things –
> He blames *her* while *she* brings him dinner.
>
> The marketing men who make Playtex
> Want their women to hate extra weight, ex-
> Pect men to admire
> That hidden spare tyre.
> They want girls, not of flesh, but of latex.
>
> A glib little beer-buff from Troon
> Says that slim girls will cause him to swoon:
> A girl with no waist
> Is of course to his taste
> With his gut like a busted balloon.
>
> BILL GREENWELL

> A clear headed feminist lady,
> neither wife nor Judy O' Grady,
> finds Jean Rook and Jill Tweedie
> politically weedy,
> and ideologically shady.
>
> ROY KELLY

> Most women get married, it's true;
> They think it's the best they can do.
> But why spend your life
> Being somebody's wife
> When you might spend it just being you?
>
> BARNEY BLACKLEY

> There was a young person from Leigh
> Who was either a he or a she.
> I think it's terrific

Never Rub Bottoms with a Porcupine!

is the title of Arthur Marshall's latest selection from NEW STATESMAN Weekend Competitions covering the years 1968-78, to be published on 4 October by George Allen & Unwin at £4.95.

Copies may be obtained from bookshops or direct from this office at £5.75 per copy including p&p.

NEW STATESMAN
10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ

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To be non-specific
Genderwise: don't you agree?

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

The advantage of being a Ms
Is knowing what's hers and what's hs
While the fate of a Mrs
Is husbandly krs
And knowing how bedlocked she s.

LAURENCE FOWLER

An ancient biologist, Heine,
Taught some girls that the female vagina
Was the seat of their joy,
But they shouted back: oy,
We've got something much more diviner!

CAROL RUMENS

Most females find porn-portrayed tup
Leaves 'em cold as a deep-frozen scup.
Porno puts women down
But helps men-about town,
Mostly poor sods who can't get it up.

GERRY HAMILL

There was an old lady of Glamis
Out of wild bees' wax made Martin Amis
By her magical arts
He lost all his parts
Which amounted to less than a gramme is.

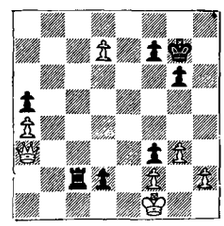
GEORGE MOOR

Tony Miles

Chess

No 150 **Problem 132**

Problem 132 was taken from my game against the Hungarian player Perecz from Dortmund. The opening moves (I was White) were **1.N-KB3, P-Q4; 2.P-KN3, N-KB3; 3.B-N2, B-B4; 4.O-O, P-B3; 5.P-Q3, QN-Q2; 6.QN-Q2, P-K4!?** One of those moves which one is never sure whether to allow, and if it is allowed, whether to play it or not. Has Black got a bad Pirz reversed or a good centre? **7.P-N3, B-B4; 8.B-N2, Q-K2; 9.N-R4,** the logical attempt to exploit . . . P-K4. White tries to take control of K-B5. **9. . . .B-N5; 10.P-KR3.** Here Black sank into thought. Somehow I had the feeling he was considering the ridiculous-looking . . . P-KN4. Walking round waiting for his reply I commented to the Czech GM Jansa that I felt sure he would play it. Jansa gave me an incredulous look, but sure enough **10. . . .P-KN4!? 11.N(4)-B3, B-R4.** This move I had underestimated. Now on 12.NxNP, R-KN1; 13.N(5)-B3, P-K5 and . . . P-K6 gives Black excellent chances. So I returned to the fight from K-B5. **12.P-K4, PxP; 13.QNxP, NxN; 14.PxN, 0-0-0; 15.Q-K1, P-N5; 16.N-R4, PxP; 17.N-B5, Q-K3; 18.BxRP,** mission accomplished, but Black has some counterplay. **18 . . . QR-N1; 19.K-N2, B-N5,** necessary in order to create some squares for the Rs. **20.BxB, RxB; 21.R-R1, P-KR4; 22.Q-K2, N-B3; 23.P-KB3, R-N3; 24.R-R4, R(1)-N1; 25.R-Q1, N-Q4!** A good move, stirring up complications and getting the N on a better circuit. **26.K-R2** and now we reach the position of Problem 132.



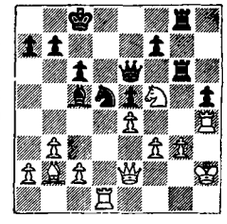
Now Black continued **26.Q-B3** and, as in the opening, I felt sure he meant to meet 27.RxP with the apparently crushing . . . R-R1. Seeing a little further into the position I duly played **27.RxP** and after the expected **. . . R-R1 28.P-KB4!** and Black could find nothing to do but resign. His position falls apart at the seams. During the post mortem Gergadze suggested instead of 26 . . . Q-B3, 26 . . . N-K6 and after 27.NxN, BxN; 28.QxB, RxP we could find no more than a draw for White (QxRP gets a perpetual easily so there is no danger). So thinking it an interesting position I used it for a problem. I was naturally aware that the position was messy, but I scarcely expected my analysis to be torn to shreds by quite so many people in so many different ways.

Firstly 26 . . . N-K6. Now 27.NxN, BxN; 28.QxB, RxP; 29.QxP is a draw, but 27 . . . RxP! (Messrs Bradley, Cornforth, Deshmukh, Sahasrabudhe and Thorat (!)) wins for Black. (I was over preoccupied with eliminating the WN rather than just deflecting it.) For example, 28.N-B5, Q-N3; 29.R-Q2 (or NxR, QxNch; 30.K-R1, B-B7! 31.R-R2, Q-N8ch! Sahasrabudhe) . . . R-N8! with the unstoppable threat of R-R8ch and Q-N8mate, or 28.N-N4, PxN! 29.KxR, PxPch; 30.KxP, Q-B3ch, or 28.B-B1, Q-N3; 29.N-N4, PxN winning. White can, however, survive by 27.R-Q3, and if . . . NxN; 28.PxN, QxBP; 29.QxP, QxQ; 30.BxQ, B-B7! draws. Mr Thorat had a nice idea against this in 27 . . . RxP!? 28.NxR, Q-N3; 29.Q-K1? N-B8ch! winning beautifully, but unfortunately 29.R-R3! ruins it . . . P-R5; 30.RxN, PxNch; 31.K-N2 and White wins. Mr McSheehy had the same idea but in a different order with 26 . . . RxP!? 27.NxR, Q-N3; 28.Q-K1 (but not now R-R3? N-B5), N-K6 and if 29.R-Q3, N-B8ch again, but this time 29.BxP! defends everything. Even after 26 . . . Q-B3; 27.RxP (27.PxN, incidentally is no better than 'unclear') improvements were suggested. Mr Taylor had the idea of 27 . . . N-K6 now. Then 28.NxN, BxN; 29.QxB, RxP; 30.R-Q2? Q-N3 wins, but 30.BxP! Q-N3; 31.R-R6! hangs on: 31 . . . R-N7ch (. . . R-R6ch; 32.KxR, Q-N7ch; 33.K-R4) 32.K-R1! (but not 32.K-R3? R-R7ch! 33.BxR, Q-N7ch and . . . QxBmate) and the Black Q is trapped! (. . . R-R7ch fails to RxR.)

The most embarrassing line I have saved until last. After 26 . . . Q-B3; 27.RxP, given that 27 . . . R-R1 is superficially crushing, but fails to 28.P-KB4! Messrs Carr, Johnson and Sahasrabudhe put two and two together and produced the simple but brilliant 27 . . . N-B5!! just blocking the KB4 square. 28.PxN (others lose material), R-R1! Now there is no P-KB4 so 29.R-R3, RxRch; 30.KxR, Q-R1ch; 31.N-R4, B-K2; 32. Q-B2 and now not . . . BxN? 35.QxB, R-R3; 34.R-Q8ch! or even . . . R-R3; 33.K-N2 when White stays alive, but 32 . . . Q-R4! (Mr Carr deserves a special mention as the only entrant to spot this) threatening . . . BxN and . . . QxPch, and if 33.R-N1, BxN wins, or 33.R-Q3 (or K-B1), PxP! and . . . R-N6ch. So it seems after 27 . . . N-B5!! I would have been completely lost!

Problem 150

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 10 October.

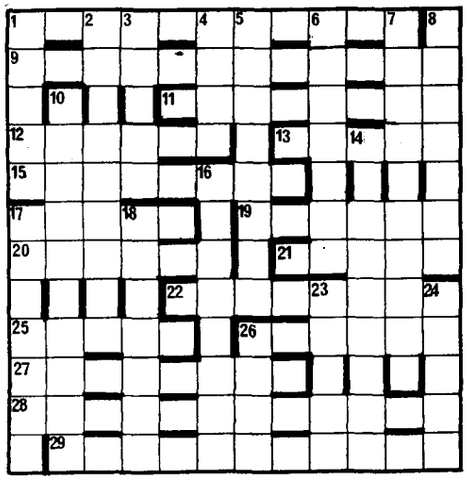


Solution to Problem 148

1.BxPch! KxB; 2.RxP! (nicely taking advantage of the pins on the B and N) R-KN1; (. . . RxR; 3.RxR doesn't help and if . . . B-N4!? 3.RxR) 3.Q-R3ch, K-N3; 4.Q-B5ch, K-R3; 5.BK3ch, resigns.

Salamanca 22: 'Headache'

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 22, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 9 October.



To ascertain the 'head' of each answer divide length by three and round down where necessary. Thus two-thirds of each answer remains the same, and answers of four and five letters remain unaltered. Chambers 1977 Edition is recommended.

ACROSS

1 Fixing TV, un-elementary? Not yet. Sorting out of tangle required (11)
9 Obnoxious gabber e.g., without good luck, such a priest? (12)
11 Rude SA name for us English at home primarily in castles? (8)
12 Actually build a nest or find one for repair at beginning of year (6)
13 No hard middle part in disco music that's live with fluent repetition? (To make a hit?) (5)
15 Down it comes when Sun's on the decline? (8)
17 You'll see this on cow get lower as noon turns into day? (5)
19 Boodle from theft in the past consisting of sheer gold (6)
20 Resided for a while in old ramshackle place by pike? (6)
21 Eels I pickled in it once? (5)
22 Mixture of 1cc, a help for curing illness of head? (8)
25 North Star? (Piece from a master novelist?) That's severe (5)
26 Extra small contents vessel's to leave (6)
27 Round spring, special type of fastener (8)
28 State of obligation felt second money's given — it must be returned firstly, in fact, without piece one's taken out (12)
29 Achievement of the lady with sharpness of appetite staying on the thin side? (11)

DOWN

1 Burial endlessly dug up? That's madder (5)
2 Rob from Sir Walter – two cheats have it made! (9)
3 Evil brain producing poisonous protein (5)
4 Odd, like fearful feeling you get at all times preceding yen (4)
5 For a blast of heat and luminance in Hollywood concert arena, give some current to (8) . . .
6 . . . This rock group – seeing's difficult in the beginning (7)
7 Here's disruptive chemical change tearing oak at limbs (10)
8 Employ surplus metal for repair (7)
10 Like Scott's lanky woman, real tender perhaps (10)
14 Idly wandering like the Marie Celeste – up, not idle at sea (9)
16 Steed may wear this, nicely clad in simple helmet that's hard (8)
17 The exterior apart from what's superficial (7)
18 E.g. get up drunken revels in US state (7)
23 Name one sort of ammonia derivative (5)
24 End life finally buried in a box (5)
26 Resting in gale, easterly, on the sheltered side (4)

Solution to No 1316

Prizewinners to No 1316

Miss M. Long (London N12)
Naresh Chandra (New Delhi)
Dr E. Wachtel (London W1)

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Application forms available from Head of Borough Personnel and Secretarial Services, Town Hall, Mare Street, Hackney, E.8., or telephone 01-986 9278 (24-hour Ansafone service) quoting reference E237/NST. Closing date 19 October.

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Application forms obtainable from the Recruitment Section, Directorate of Social Services, London Borough of Lambeth, 234-244 Stockwell Road, London SW9 9SR or Tel: 01-274 7722 ext. 552. Closing date 12.10.79. Quote Ref. No. S/369/370A/NST and job title when applying. As part of Lambeth's Equal Opportunities Policy, applications are welcome from people regardless of disability, marital status, race or sex.

LAMBETH

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A challenge for Social Workers

The resettlement of disabled and disadvantaged people into suitable jobs embraces a wide range of problems. Indeed it is this variety that can provide such a rewarding challenge to the social worker in the Employment Service Division today.

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In order to cater for the unique requirements of each individual, the centres have to have a fairly flexible operating style. A team of specialists — a doctor, an occupational psychologist, a resettlement officer, a technical officer and a social worker — meets regularly to discuss the history, handling and prognosis of each case.

For the social worker, the job also involves supporting and counselling clients throughout the duration of their stay (on average 7 weeks) and helping them to overcome any psycho-social problems which may be obstacles to resettlement. It also involves liaising with outside social agencies.

For more information about the work ring Miss S. Chadwick on 01-930 7833 ext 204 or arrange an informal visit to an ERC.

There are currently vacancies in the Centres at Hull, Long Eaton (Nottingham), Perivale (Middx) and Portsmouth. There is also a post for a peripatetic social worker who will be based at Birmingham and will act as relief at a number of centres. Other vacancies may arise elsewhere in Great Britain.

Candidates must have (or obtain in 1979) a professional qualification in social work, a degree in social science (which included the study of social administration and practical social work), a diploma in Social Studies, or an equivalent or higher academic qualification. Practical experience or training in social case work and a knowledge of the social services and their administration are essential.

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For further details and an application form (to be returned by 11 October 1979) write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 68551 (answering service operates outside office hours). Please quote ref G/5224/8.

MSC

Manpower
Services Commission
Employment
Service Division

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APPOINTMENTS

League Against Cruel Sports Ltd.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Around £8,000 plus London Weighting

We are an aggressive campaigning society with a slow and hard pioneering past, but now moving steadily towards the promised land where hunting wild life with hounds will be no more.

The League has over 10,000 subscribing members, all of them dedicated, mostly with a healthy contempt for the British Field Sports Society, and even some a bit afraid of the Hunt Saboteurs. Blood sports excite passions and we expect our Executive Director to have some to share with us.

The person we are looking for will be a good all-rounder with, in particular, an understanding of politics and Parliament, an eye for publicity, a taste for controversy, some experience of speaking and debating in public and the patience of Job with our Executive Committee. Additionally, some intelligent layman's knowledge of land ownership and estate management would not come amiss as we have lots of acres of woodlands and farmlands as wildlife sanctuaries. The League is not a charity so has no 'charitable status' to worry about.

The candidate we are looking for probably doesn't exist but I shall be glad to hear from anyone who claims to be a runner-up.

Members of the League are of course welcome to apply.

Letters in the first instance please to Lord Houghton of Sowerby, C.H., League Against Cruel Sports Limited, 1 Reform Row, London N17 9TW, not later than 6 October.

THE MINORITY RIGHTS GROUP

an information charity concerned with international minority problems, requires this October an efficient and reliable

Administrative Secretary

for its office in central London.

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The position requires experience of book-keeping, plus typing, despatching orders and answering queries.

For further details please contact **JACKIE JOHNSON 01-930 6659, as soon as possible.**

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Applications are invited for a Senior Lectureship in the newly established School of Law tenable from 1 October 1980 or such earlier date as may be agreed. Salary scale £8,698-£10,775 per annum. Preference may be given to candidates with expertise in one or more of the following areas: Common Law, Public Law, Public International Law, Law of the European Economic Community.

Applications (nine copies), including a curriculum vitae and the names and addresses of three referees, should reach the **Registrar (AG/91/N), University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester CO4 3SQ,** from whom further particulars may be obtained, by **29 October 1979.**

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NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Undiscovered Country', 'Death of a Salesman', 'Close of Play', 'For Services Rendered', 'Wings'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

NEW END. 794 0238. From 29 Sept. 'Adam's Apple' by Peter Simpkin. Tues.-Suns. 8 p.m. (1 Oct. 7 p.m.).

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MATCHLIGHT: British Poetry Today: Orangery, Holland Pk. 11 Oct. 7.15 p.m. Leslie Norris + P. Doubell + E. A. Poe Interludes. 01-352 7409.

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Meetings

ENDING WORLD POVERTY—An Ecological Approach. Harford Thomas, Guardian columnist, author 'Influence of Technology on the Quality of Life', speaks Westminster UNA, Tues. 2 Oct. St Barnabas Church Hall, Ranelagh Grove, SW1 (off Pimlico Rd) at 19.15. All welcome.

SID WEIGHELL, General Secretary of the NUR, will be the speaker at a Fabian meeting at 5.15 p.m. on Monday, 1 October at the Madeira Hotel, Marine Parade, Brighton. 50p. All welcome.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. 'Third World Now'. Wed. 3 Oct. 7.30 p.m. 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. All welcome.

ADLERIAN SOCIETY. 'Life Style & The Problem Drinker' Charles Vetter, Director of ACCEPT Services UK (Guest Speaker); followed by discussion. 7.30 p.m. (refreshments from 7 p.m.) Tuesday 2 October. Community Rooms, Millman St (East Side), London WC1. Visitors welcome 50p (students 25p).

ICA EVENTS. The Mall, SW1. 2nd October 7.30 p.m. After "The Frontiers of Design" Cedric Price, Roger Graef, Christopher Booker on the recent RIBA/SIAD conference. 4th October 1 p.m. Paul Theroux on "The Old Patagonian Express". 4th October at 7.30 p.m. a Third World talk "Eritrea: aspects of self-determination". 80 pence. 930 3647.

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AUTUMN PROGRAMME

30 Sept: 6 p.m. Madeira Hotel, Brighton. Conference Meeting. Peter Shore on 'British Foreign Policy'.

13 Oct: *Party.*

30 Oct: 6.30-10 p.m., 11 Dartmouth Street, 'Northern Ireland, What Future?' Brynmor John.

24 Nov: AGM/Booksale.

26 Nov: 7-10 p.m. Poly of Central London, New Cavendish Street. 'Nuclear Power and Energy Policy'. *Brian Sedgemore.*

Also in December: Saturday Seminar at LSE on 'Reform of the Legal System'. *(See the New Statesman for details.*

Tuesday Evening Meetings

'Beyond Regret: Labour's Record in the 1970s'. LSE, Houghton Street, 7.30.

16 Oct: *Ian Martin on Immigration Policy.*

30 Oct: Tessa Jowell on Education.

20 Nov: Chris Hitchens on Foreign Policy.

Watch the New Statesman Meetings Section for further details.

Plans in 1980

Trips to China (March/April) and to the European Parliament Seminar on Labour Party democracy (May). Schools on Regional Policy (Liverpool, March) and on Education (Oxford, July).

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For membership details write to: **Nick Butler, Chairman, Young Fabians, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1, or telephone 01-222 8877.**

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SUNDAY 30 SEPTEMBER 7-9 p.m. The Norfolk Continental Hotel, Kings Road, Brighton (a short walk *from the Conference Centre*). Entrance free.

CHINA WEEK

Celebrating 30 years of New China.

Tues 20 Oct. 7.30. Documentary film **'Struggle for China'** — Conway Hall.

Wed 3 Oct. 7.30. Anglo-Chinese cultural evening. **Chinese song, dance, Morris dancers and Welsh male choir** — Hampstead Old Town Hall.

Thurs 4 Oct. 7.30. Teach-in 30 years of China: Panel: **Felix Green, Neville Maxwell, John Gittings** — Conway Hall.

Thurs 5 Oct. 6.15 and 8.30. First feature film made in New China **'Daughters of China'.**

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WHO ARE the Anti-Abortionists? National Abortion Campaign International Forum. Speakers include Madeline Simms on the Pro Life Campaign in Britain. Friday 5 October 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. 01-278 0153 for details.

TORIES ATTACK the old, the young and the infirm. Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist) Fri. 28 Sept. 7.30 p.m. Bellman Bookshop, 155 Fortess Road, Tufnell Park, NW5.

LABOUR CO-ORDINATING COMMITTEE

Scottish Launching Conference
City Halls, Glasgow
13 October, 11.00 a.m. - 5.00 p.m.
Speakers include:
Tony Benn MP Michael Meacher MP
Further details from:
M. Lazarowicz,
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EH11 4BD Tel: 031-444 1661

WALSBY SOCIETY: Three Lectures on Systematic Ideology. Wednesdays 3, 10, 17 October 7.30 p.m. Free. Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

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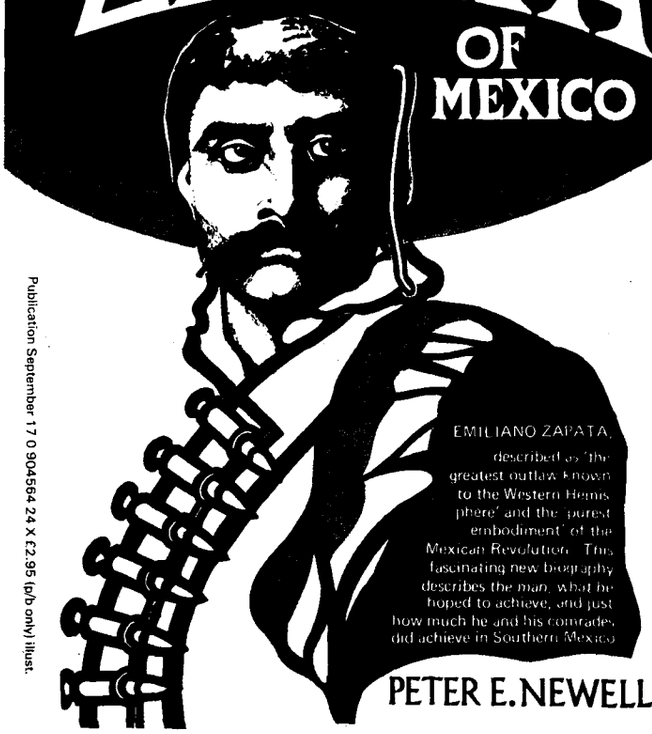

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